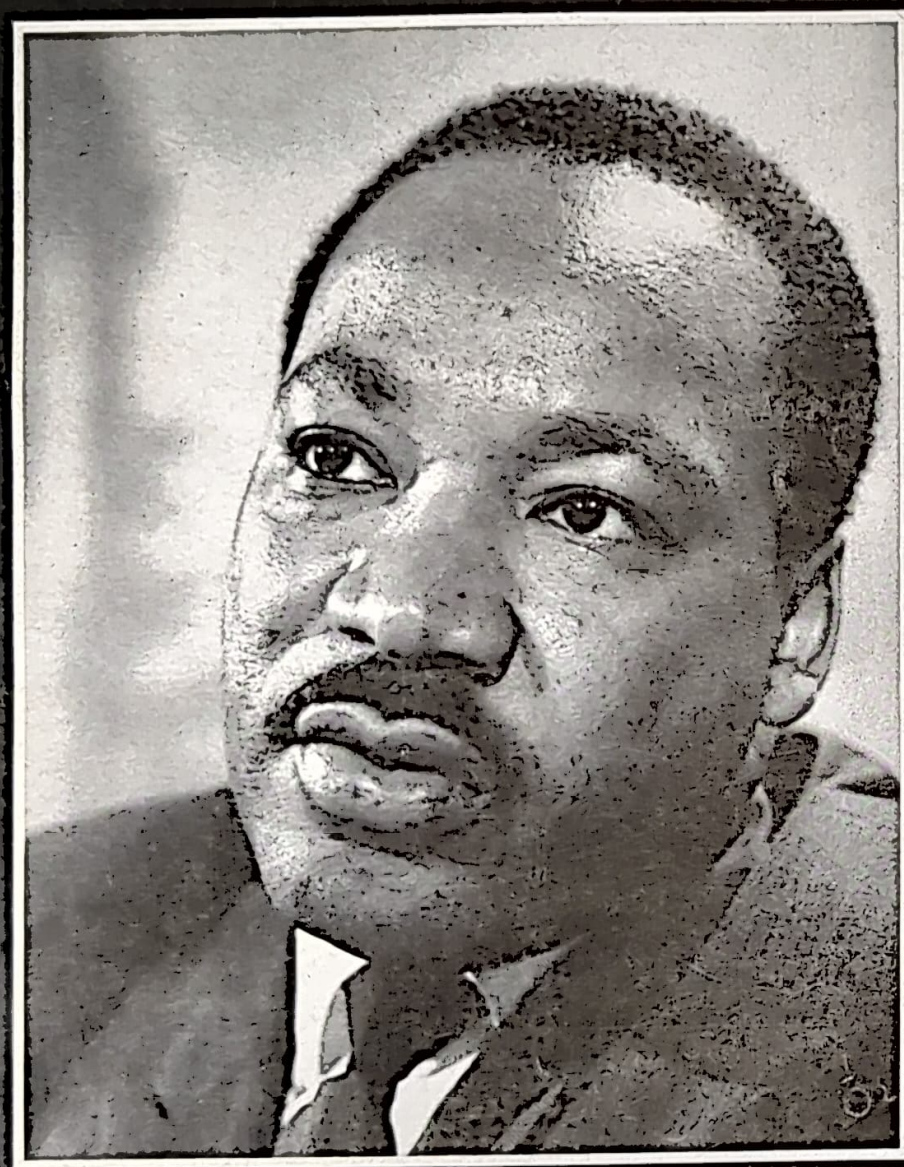


LIFE

WEEK OF SHOCK

- ▶ Vietnam: Burst of Hope
- ▶ Convulsion in U.S. Politics
- ▶ Martyrdom in Memphis



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Martin Luther King

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When Your Beat Is the Presidency

Hugh Sidey began collecting background material for this week's story on the President's withdrawal nearly 11 years ago when, as a reporter newly assigned to cover the U.S. Senate, he hesitatingly stepped into the office of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. From that moment he began accumulating facts, impressions and observations on the future President. In 1960 he took over the White House beat and has since typed out three million words of notes about the Presidents, first Kennedy, then Johnson. In 1966 his regular column, "The Presidency," began appearing in LIFE; it is often so intimate and informed that it sometimes seems as though Sidey spends every waking hour close to the Chief of State. Sometimes this is literally true, but what gives his column its real depth is the mass of knowledge he has built up about the man, piece by piece, over the years.



SIDEY AND THE PRESIDENT

"When your beat is the Presidency," explains Hugh, "you of course have to depend on high-placed sources. But equally valuable are the bits and pieces of presidential lore that accumulate from countless trips on airplanes, talks in his Oval Office and exposure to White House life. You store up this feeling. Eventually you can reconstruct a mood or a room without having had to be there at a precise moment."

"There is never a break. You're on call all the time. In the calmer moments you have to read, keep up with what's going on. The news doesn't wait for you. You lead another man's life and try to fit your own around it. In a way the job consumes you. The great frustration is that you often find yourself standing outside a closed door trying to penetrate that protective shell that grows around the government. You want to get the full dimensions of a story and still do it without violating national security or being unfair to one side. In times of great stress, it is correct that the government should withhold information. But it is very frustrating."

In the course of his job Hugh has flown a half million miles on assignment. He thinks his most exciting trip was with Kennedy to the Berlin Wall. "That was magnificent." The most shattering was Dallas. The wildest was a trip to Vietnam with Johnson. "One day became 36 hours. We visited troops in Thailand and Vietnam. We met with Ayub Khan in Pakistan. We saw the Pope in Rome, then touched down at Washington, all without sleep."

Next June the essence of Hugh's research will be published in a book, *A Very Personal Presidency: Lyndon Johnson in the White House* (Atheneum). In it Hugh sums up his feelings about his job:

"It has been an utterly fascinating journey. It also has been a humbling one. The dimensions of the presidential burden awe anyone who watches closely. Any comment on the man who has the courage and the skill to seek and to serve in the Presidency is in a way presumptuous. And yet the office needs and demands constant examination and discussion. That is essential to our national health. The challenge is to be diligent in the pursuit of the facts and then to be calm in their consideration and, finally, to be fair in their application."

George P. Hurt
George P. Hurt,
Managing Editor

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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

The Comic, Terrifying Mind of M. Leroux

ONE FOR THE DEVIL

by ETIENNE LEROUX (Houghton Mifflin Company) \$4.95

Eighteen years have passed since young Henry van Eeden arrived at the Welgevonden estate of the Silbersteins with his capricious uncle on a matchmaking expedition and found there a very curious education before he identified his bride. Episodes of comic beauty in *Seven Days at the Silbersteins* remain stamped as clearly on my memory as though they had belonged to my own life and education: the first shy evening when young Henry was the only one to come down in a dinner jacket; the evening when he was the only one without; the night by the swimming pool when all the world wore animal masks save himself; the night when the great bull Brutus was led garlanded into the drawing room as a wedding gift. Now, all those years later in *One for the Devil*, we learn that his young bride Salome died in bearing a giant moron, most of the great estate has been given up to a Foundation whose residents live and love in glass houses ("It's a feeling of being alone that drives one to the Foundation"), plastic swans float on the swimming pool where the masked guests once bathed naked, and the spirit has gone out of the Silberstein lechery. Eighteen-year-old Lila, who may have been Jock Silberstein's daughter or his mistress—as she may, like her mother dead at the same age, have been a daughter or sister or mistress of many of the ambiguous inhabitants of Welgevonden—has been discovered raped and murdered; the giant son of Henry is under suspicion; and the horror lurking behind the wild comedy of *Seven Days* has broken through, like a man diving through a plate glass window, carrying only tatters of the old lust and farcical comedy with him. Detective-Sergeant Demosthenes II. de Goede, a learned athlete with a crippling stutter, has arrived to investigate the crime, and Dr. Johns acts as an interpretive chorus while he leads the detective around the estate, ready to point out the classical moral even at the most disquieting moments, even when the detective-sergeant to please Mrs. Silberstein balances himself upside down on his fingers.

"Slim Mrs. Silberstein had just tickled Detective-Sergeant Demosthenes II. de Goede under his arms. She lay beside him on the floor, her eyes close to his face, which grew redder and redder with exertion as he tried to keep vertical and at the same

time to resist the teasing of his risorial muscles. Suddenly he collapsed; their laughter rang through the room and they tumbled together in a heap in front of Dr. Johns who, silently and with interest now, watched the rudimentary seduction. But then, all of a sudden, slim Mrs. Silberstein straightened up, pushed her dress indolently back over garter, thigh and silk stocking, and ran her fingers through her hair.

"The poor Giant," said slim Mrs. Silberstein. "The poor scapegoat. One for the Lord and one for Azazel."

"I merely mentioned his name," said Dr. Johns in self-defense, "to exemplify an impersonal implement in the hand of an impersonal fate."

What a pleasure it is to welcome the manilarin style again after too many years of the plain, the rough, the staccato, in this remarkable translation by Mr. Charles Eglington.

Mr. Leroux writes his books in static scenes; between them he allows his camera to track rapidly and wildly around his location. The influence of the cinema is clear—not the conventional cinema but the cinema of Robbe-Grillet or Godard. Dr. Johns serves the narrative much as the colored subtitles of Godard serve his films, not explanatory, but ironic, decorative, absurd. As the appearance of the great bull Brutus to my mind supplied the finest scene in *Seven Days*, Brutus' tiny schizophrenic offspring does the same here—when Dries, the secretary of the Stud Farmers' Society, lectures on his new breeding policy with a built-in birth control based on Pavlov. Other scenes, terrible and comic, rival it: the occasion when the white guests of the Foundation visit the African quarters, the funeral of Lila, the death of the poor Giant.

Mr. Leroux will not find an instant audience; his novels are too original for that. They tease, they trouble, they elude. His audience will be the audience that only a good writer can merit, an audience which assembles slowly from far away in ones and twos; while the big book club motor-coaches hurtle down the highway toward oblivion, the rumor spreads that here an addition will be found to the literature of our time.

Mr. Greene's latest book is *May We Borrow Your Husband?* (LIT, July 7).

by Graham Greene

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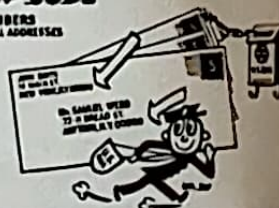
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LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

The Trying Genius of M. Godard

LA CHINOISE

directed by Jean-Luc Godard

If one is going to talk seriously about the movies of this decade one must finally come to terms with that brilliant, maddening young veteran of the French New Wave, Jean-Luc Godard. In this country only his first film, *Breathless*, was a popular success and I sometimes think that, for all his energy and daring, he will never have another. In the seven years since that sprightly, approachable little movie was released, he has developed a difficult, highly individualistic manner that has polarized the film world, creating a small cult of worshipful disciples and a larger, more influential group of opponents who regard him as a sort of Mau-Mau of the cinema, threatening not only its conventional esthetic wisdom but, if I read them correctly, all of Western civilization as well. It is hard to build respect among ordinary movie-goers if the only reviews you get are either slavishly acceptant or furiously dismissive—people get to thinking you must be some kind of nut.

Godard is too interesting and important a figure for this kind of treatment; he should be saved from both his friends and his enemies. His latest release, *La Chinoise*, the first part of a projected trilogy, is a good place to begin that process.

Early in his career, Godard declared that what he liked best to do was show us individuals so obsessed with a single idea that they were compelled to follow it to its logical extreme and beyond—where, of course, madness lies. Until recently the metaphors he used to examine the psychology of these True Believers were mostly sexual and/or criminal. Now, however, history has presented him with one that is more original and powerful.

This is the rise of Chinese Communism and, more to the point, the significance it is beginning to have for some young European leftists. To them, Maoism is a force comparable to the religious reformation Luther launched in the 16th Century, a force capable of violently purifying and reviving a once idealistic institution

that has grown materialistic and decadent. To them—amazing as it seems to us—Maoism looks like an attractive alternative to both Russian Communism and American capitalism.

I don't know if any of these youngsters has gone on far as the characters in *La Chinoise*—setting up a cell in a Paris apartment where the short-wave set is always tuned to Radio Pekin and the entertainment is mainly a stupefying series of lectures. But Godard's vision of these curiously intense people is persuasively realistic. And chilling.

And comic. What always saves Godard's work is his superb sense of irony. His fascination with the outsiders who always people his films rarely deteriorates into sentimentality. Quite the contrary—they are absurd creatures. In *La Chinoise*, adolescent inattention keeps undercutting the revolutionary fervor, as do the sexual crosscurrents which keep swirling about. And when these humorless idealists move from talk to action, things fall still farther apart. They carefully plan an assassination and, of course, gun down the wrong man. Their bungling is Godard's comment on the futility of revolution, the fact that they go unopposed a comment on the impotence of the adult world that has driven them to this desperate expedient.

Godard hates to cue audience response with surefire gimmicks, hates to beg for approval. Working in the most seduction-prone of the arts, he has developed a carefully unseductive style—distant, elliptical, severely objective, arhythmic in its editing method. He alternates his pace and mood arbitrarily, always trying to keep you off balance, upset your expectations, force you to work at his art and thereby make you aware that it is art. This accounts for the sequence that has by now become his trademark—a long, excruciating scene where his normally restless camera sits on its haunches and peers like an unblinking cat at some endless discussion (in *La Chinoise* it is between a girl and a philosopher) that anyone else would have cut out of the script before he even started shooting.

Here and elsewhere he is all the things his detractors say he is—pretentious, sophomoric, self-indulgent. But he is also all the things his supporters claim he is—a director who succeeds in capturing and bringing back alive some of the alyst, most skittish social and psychological demons of our time. Godard may never make a completely satisfactory film, but others, borrowing his techniques, certainly will.

by Richard Schickel

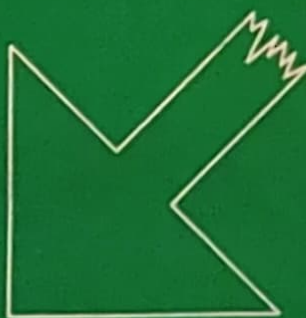
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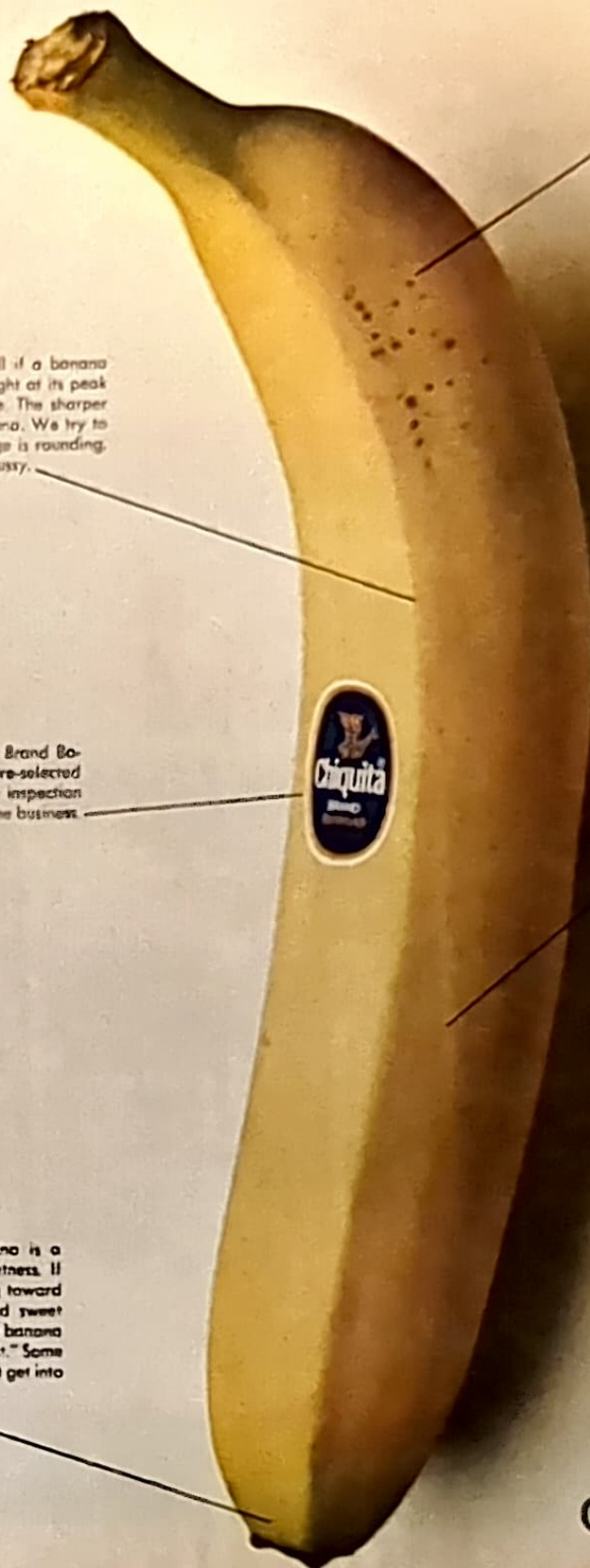
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LIFE TV REVIEW

Courage at Last—or Just Bleeps?

THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS
COMEDY HOUR and
ROWAN AND MARTIN'S LAUGH-IN

The world has been around television circles for weeks. Middle executives are chortling about it to time salesmen who are making upbeat mentions of it to clients who are memoing it to their PR men who are confiding it importantly to newsmen who have even been writing it down. But for the benefit of those who have not heard, what everyone is telling everyone else so happily is that TV is growing up. The silly old taboos are gone. Anything goes.

So how is anything going? The answer, for me at least, is that it is not going very well at all. There are a variety of reasons, and they are best illuminated by the two shows that are making—or have made—their reputations as taboo-busters. Many programs reflect bits and pieces of the new trend, but *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* (on CBS Sundays) and *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In* (on NBC Mondays) have all but made a federal case out of how gutsy and controversial they are being.

The most famous incident of the TV year revolves around the Smothers' commendable decision to give Pete Seeger his first guest shot on network prime time. The once-black-listed Seeger is a fine, trenchant folk singer who elected to sing in his performance a song with a verse saying that the U.S. is "waist deep in the Big Muddy"—and the big fool says to push on. CBS censors naturally elected to excise the song; a screech went up from Seeger, Smothers *et al*; and as everyone by now knows, CBS relented. Seeger was invited back for a second appearance and this time was allowed to sing the song unfettered. So far, no objection. But here is where I get a little anxious.

CBS, which knows a big publicity howl when it hears one, played the reversal up big. Executives who had previously been known for unashamed spinelessness in the face of popular demand were now posing as bulwarks who backed up the boys all the way. It did not really mean a change of spots. It meant a change in their reading of the public. Net-

works almost never do their own thing; they try instead to do what they think is everyone else's. Contrary, they felt, was this year's thing.

Enter Rowan and Martin. Their brand-new, daring and different format is an hour-long string of virtually nonstop gags. Most are doddering refugees from Joe Miller, but scattered in among them are items like "Eartha Kitt—call your draft board." Such entries are immediate cause for hanging out the controversy banner. And further supporting evidence is said to be the preponderance of lines that are supposed to be sophisticated and risqué. Mostly, though, they are just cheap jokes—the easiest shade of blue. "I love everything about you English, including your muffins," says the pretty young thing. Replies the ogling Briton: "Thank you, my dear. I feel the same way about you." Or Rowan tells Martin to take a statuesque beauty off-stage and work with her. "That's the nicest thing you ever said to me," hubba-hubba Martin.

That hardly qualifies as any kind of joke, much less one that is breaking new ground for TV. Nonetheless the faithful flacks hurry on their appointed rounds to make as much out of it as possible. The Rowan and Martin staff, they say, is so free-wheeling that a fulltime censor has been assigned to work with the writers. Of course, it is quickly added, he is really a with-it guy and rarely cuts anything that they wouldn't have cut themselves. Over in Smothersville, similar hallyhoo is made over every insignificant bleep. Every bleep was money in the Nielsen bank. Newsmen were dutifully informed when it was reluctantly decided that Ronald Reagan could not be called "a known heterosexual" on the grounds that too many people would not understand what the word actually meant.

If TV were really willing to take chances, what difference would it make if a few viewers did not catch on or filed complaints? But TV only wants to look swinging, while staying safely square. It is in the controversy business simply to capitalize on it. To be sure, both Rowan and Martin and the Smothers—particularly the latter—have come up with some good progressive, even hip, humor. But praising such occasional exceptions tends to obfuscate the continued existence of the rule. To me, the talk of TV's new freedom is mostly spurious. For better or worse, the movies they ain't—yet. And hosing off of what slight advance there has been is like telling a cripple that his limp seems better these days.

by José M. Ferrer III
TIAL Contributing Editor

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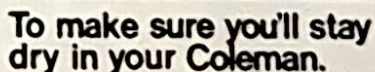
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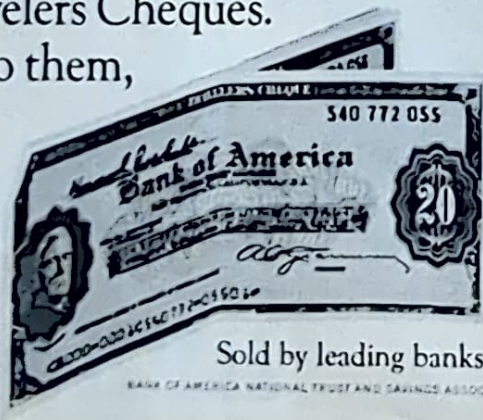


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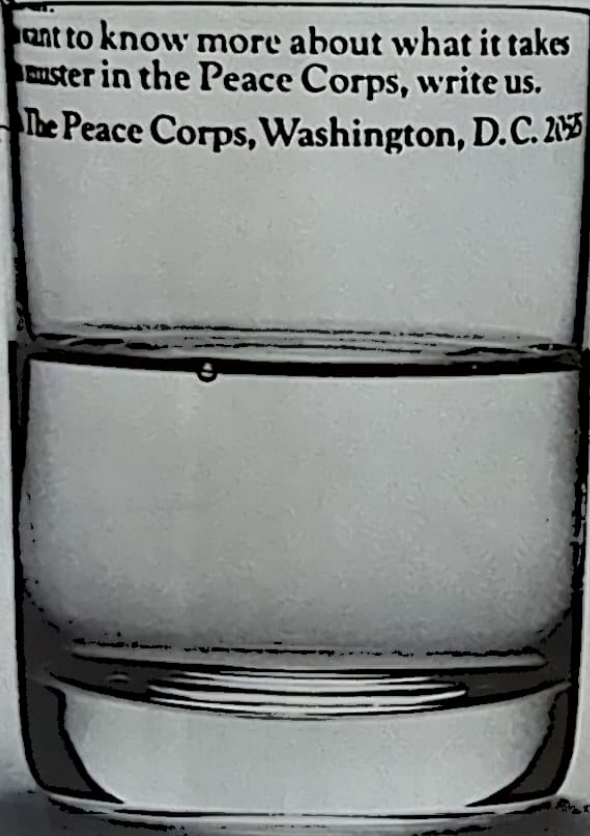
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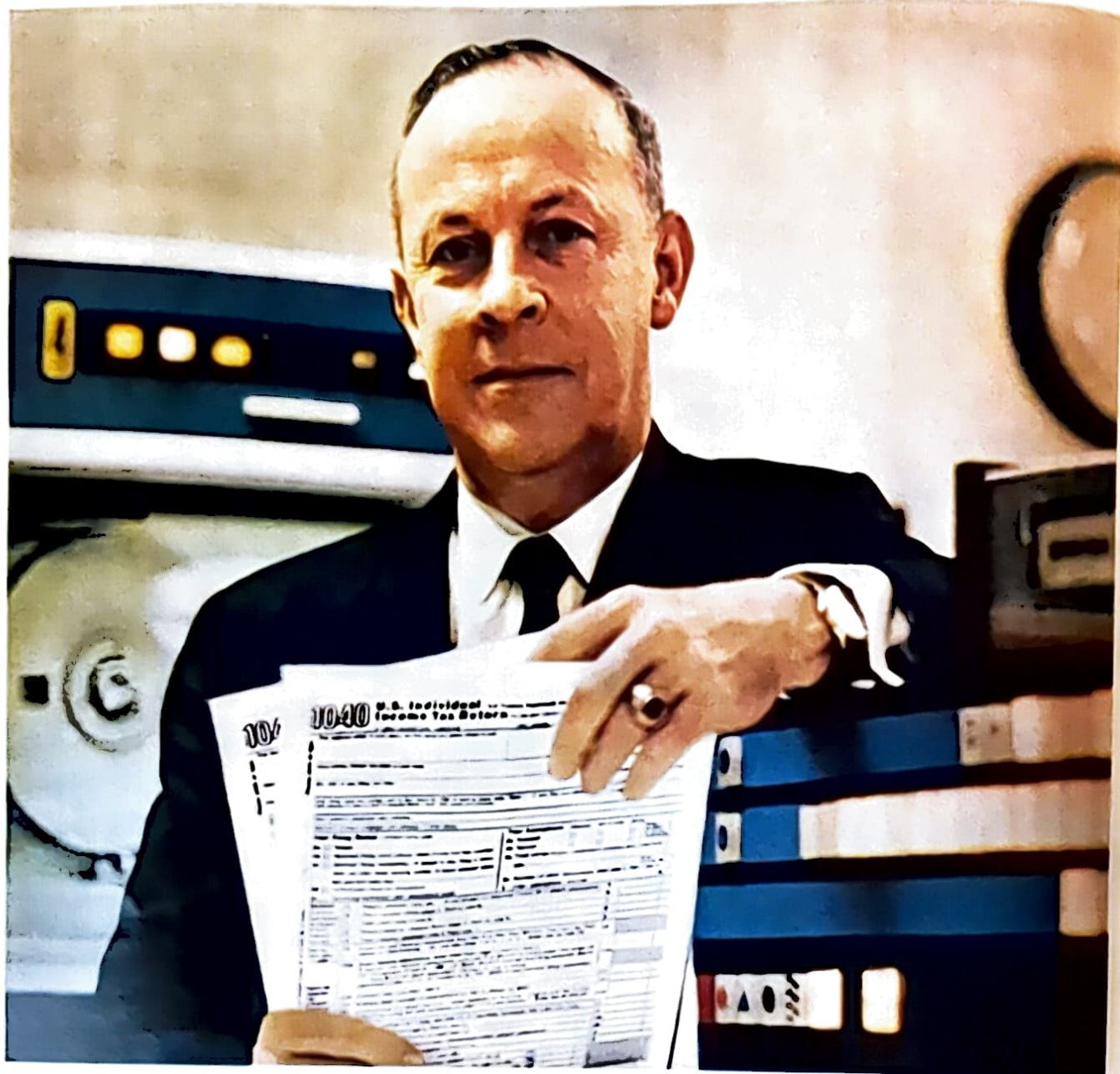
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Clinton L. Walsh, Director of Operations, Automatic Data Processing Division, Internal Revenue Service, with Honeywell automation systems used in checking tax returns.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A STUDY IN INTRANSIGENCE

Sirs:
In "A Study in Intransigence" (March 22) you have given us just what we need—a clear, concise, exact history of the events leading up to the present situation in Vietnam.

RAY S. BENSON
Overland Park, Kan.

Sirs:
Your article helped many of us realize that Ho Chi Minh and his followers are fellow human beings.

LINDA AND GREG RICKARD
Albion, Mich.

Sirs:
Ho Chi Minh attempts to project the kindly, scholarly grandfather image when, in fact, he must rank among the bloodiest despots in history.

A. J. DONAHUE III
Milford, Conn.

Sirs:
Your article seems overly sympathetic to Ho's complaint of being cheated by the West. You act as though Vietnam was the private preserve of Ho and the Communist party.

JOHN K. MCLEAN
Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:
Why do we refuse to admit that the unification of Vietnam is a legitimate goal by everlastingly insisting that we will preserve South Vietnam free of "Communist" control? Has not Ho given ample proof he would not submit to either Russian or Chinese domination? When will we get that Communist bone out of our throats?

ALLEN H. GATES
Hatfield, Mass.

Sirs:
In terms of what Ho would mean to South Vietnam if he were victorious, it would have been more enlightening if you had told what Ho did in North Vietnam after the French ouster.

To consolidate his power, he ordered the murder of all village leaders, teachers and landowners who were not "reliable." This only exterminated potential opposition, and placed all power in Hanoi. By the most conservative esti-

mates, 40,000 innocent people were thus killed.

While this bloodbath was exemplary for any would-be dissenter, it had two negative effects from Ho's viewpoint. First, it made Ho feared and unpopular. Second, local commanders became petty dictators with literal power of life and death. Ho neatly solved both problems at one stroke. He had many of his own local commanders executed for excesses supposedly undertaken at their own initiative.

Can you imagine the invitation to genocide that Ho's conquest of South Vietnam would mean?

ALBERT J. FORMAN
Stamford, Conn.

Sirs:
Frank McCulloch's article "Peace Feuders: This Frail Dance of the Seven Veils" gives some perspective and some clarity to what is an often misrepresented aspect of the United States effort in Vietnam.

LOUIS A. BARBAZA
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITORIALS

Sirs:
The banality of Republican politics ("The Campaign Becomes a Debate—and a Race," March 22).

The course Mr. Rockefeller pursued in arriving at his decision to withdraw is completely in character with the lack of vitality and imagination that Republican politics consistently serve up to the American public. Not once did Mr. Rockefeller take his cause to the electorate but instead sought out the advice of other staid and stodgy Republicans who can't make up their own minds, let alone help Mr. Rockefeller make up his.

JOSEPH A. ROGOWSKI
Bath, N.Y.

Sirs:
Robert Kennedy is the only great man around.

MARK WARREN
Royal Oak, Mich.

BOOK REVIEW

Sirs:
I thank you for the review of James

Herndon's book, *The Way It Spurred To Be* ("Come Truth on an Urgent Problem," March 22).

Most of what is going on in public education today is obsolete, but that's the way "it spread to be." The great dichotomy between appearance and reality in the classroom is not only unrecognizable but confused; but that's the way "it spread to be."

EMILE HERBAC
Toledo, Ohio

Sirs:
Mr. James Herndon sounds like one of those starchy-eyed, spiky-faced jackasses who trot about the platform and then emerge baying that "— you" and "— your mother" should be included in first-grade reading material because these are the everyday expletives of a certain segment of the black population.

GRACE R. PREMIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

LETTERS

Sirs:
I have always felt that giving the author the last word in Letters to the Editor was downright unethical.

And now Shana Alexander, in her exchange with Sgt. Dale Taylor (March 22), has proved me right.

JIM G. LUCAS
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
I was only a child of 10 at the time, in the Philippines during World War II. But if I live to be 100 I will never get over the traumatic experience of being in the middle of the fierce battle for Manila between the American armies and the Japanese armies. Over the years I have never once failed to get down on my knees every day to thank God that there is a great nation like America and people like the Americans who do care about their fellow man and who were kind enough to "have bought the bullets" that made it possible for people like myself to regain our freedom and dignity.

MRS. ROCIO C. ALLEN
Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:
The general tone of the letters commenting on Shana Alexander's article reflected the general callousness that President Johnson would like to incorporate as one of the virtues of Amer-

icanism. I feel a gleam about American morality that I never felt before.

THOMAS M. DUNN
Lansdowne, Pa.

Sirs:
In his letter (March 22) Tom Boyd states that London is full of American file men "who prefer the carry over of England to any one of the 50 you can so name."

I was born in London and lived there for 27 years. Three years ago I emigrated, married with my wife and two young sons, to this wonderful country.

In those three short years we have sensed a feeling of belonging we never felt in the stifled atmosphere of the work day there in England. We have two years to wait before becoming citizens. They married us fast enough for us.

America is not a utopia, Mr. Boyd, but I have faith in the American people and the future generations of Americans to build an even finer country for all its people.

RONALD E. BROWN
Magnolia, Mass.

REVIEW

Sirs:
Jogging ("The Pious Push-Push-Pull of Jogging," March 22) makes more sense than that editorial of yours that took up the cause for larger seats in our jet airliners ("The Unplanned Torture Rack," Jan. 19). Instead of planning a case for the "lardon," it would have been better judgment on your part to recommend that they be the jogging trails.

HARRY WORMS
Naperville, Ill.

Sirs:
Undoubtedly Mr. William Zisser has not performed any rewarding physical exercise recently if all he has to offer the few conservative professors of jogging is a sharply pointed pen.

One has only to try an exercise which activates the heart and lungs to realize the uplift of both mind and spirit a creature. If Mr. Zisser releases the ever pace of jogging, what does he propose?

D. C. ANDERSON
Auburn, Mass.

Mr. Zisser—who was attacking not jogging but the punishment of joggers—plays tennis, squash, basketball and climbs mountains.—ED.

IN LIFE NEXT WEEK

The Swiftly Changing Mood of America

After four years abroad, a LIFE editor finds astonishing, disturbing and reassuring phenomena in the native land he thought he knew

Ancient Egypt, PART III ETERNAL PALACES AND PYRAMIDS

Sakkara and the world's first great stone architecture opened an era of serene and lively art

Old Train Robber Rides Again

A bank burglary in Texas brings back the days of the desperado

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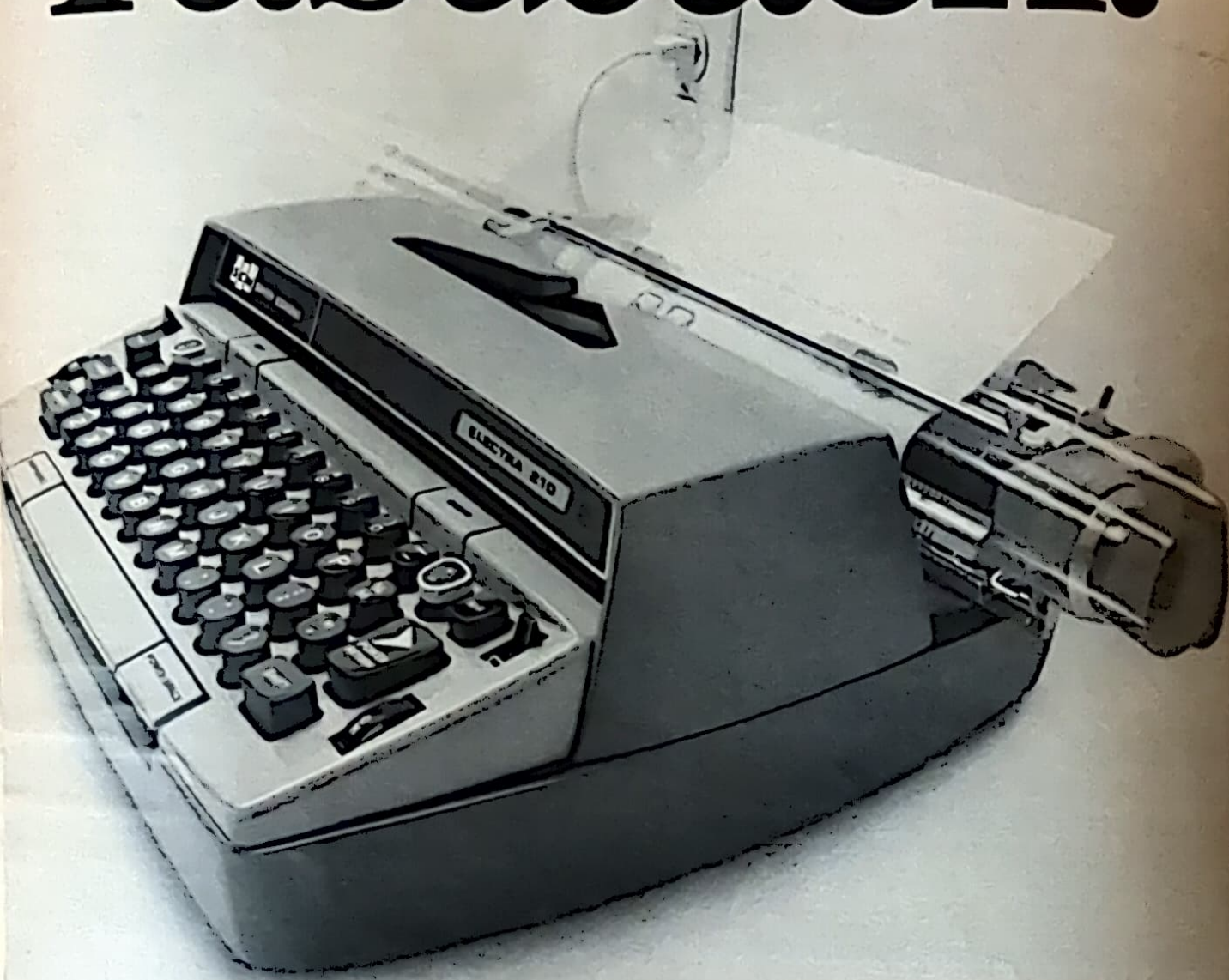
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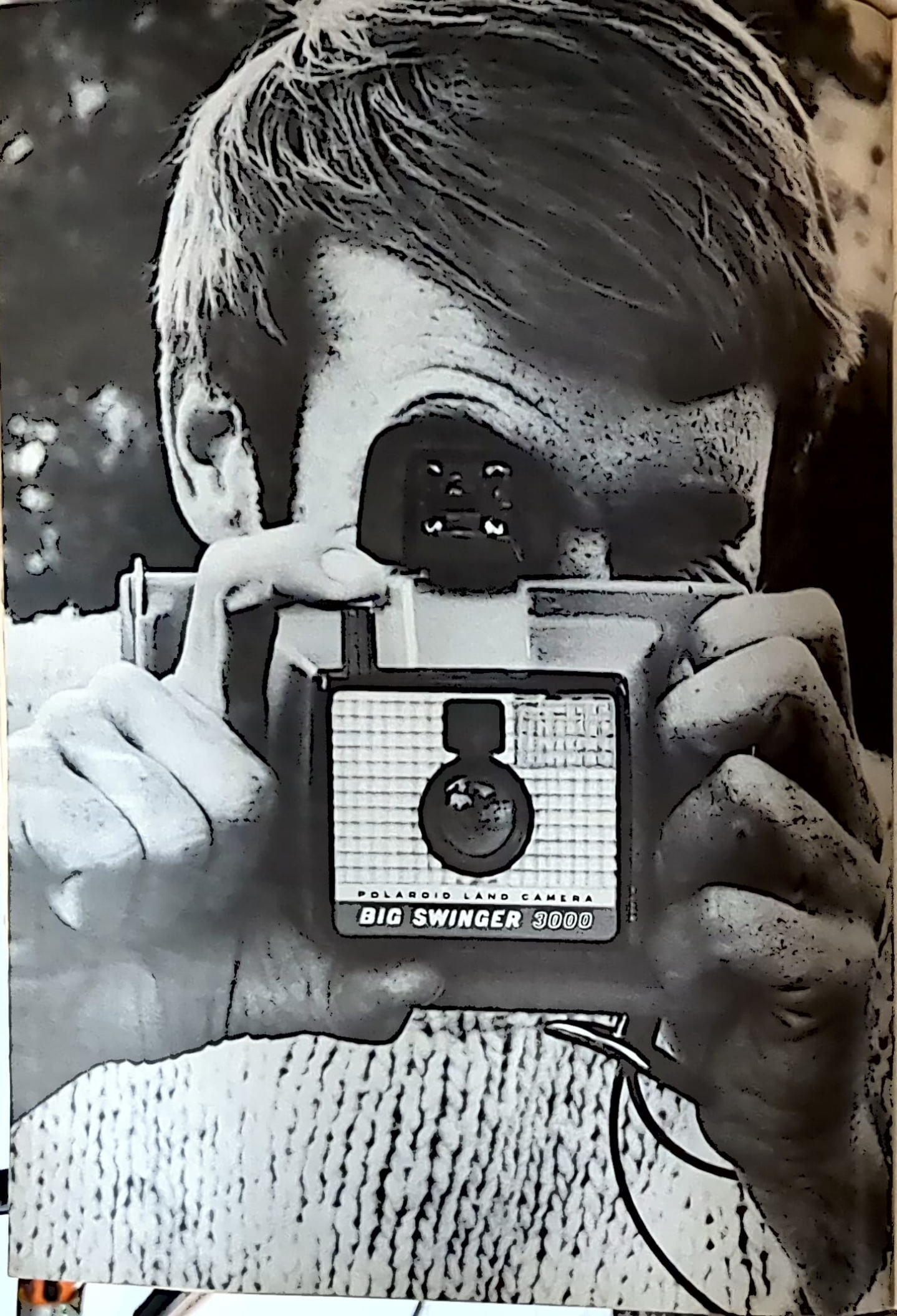
What's a \$4 Autolite oil filter doing in a \$250,000 car? Simple. There is no better oil filter. Not at any price.

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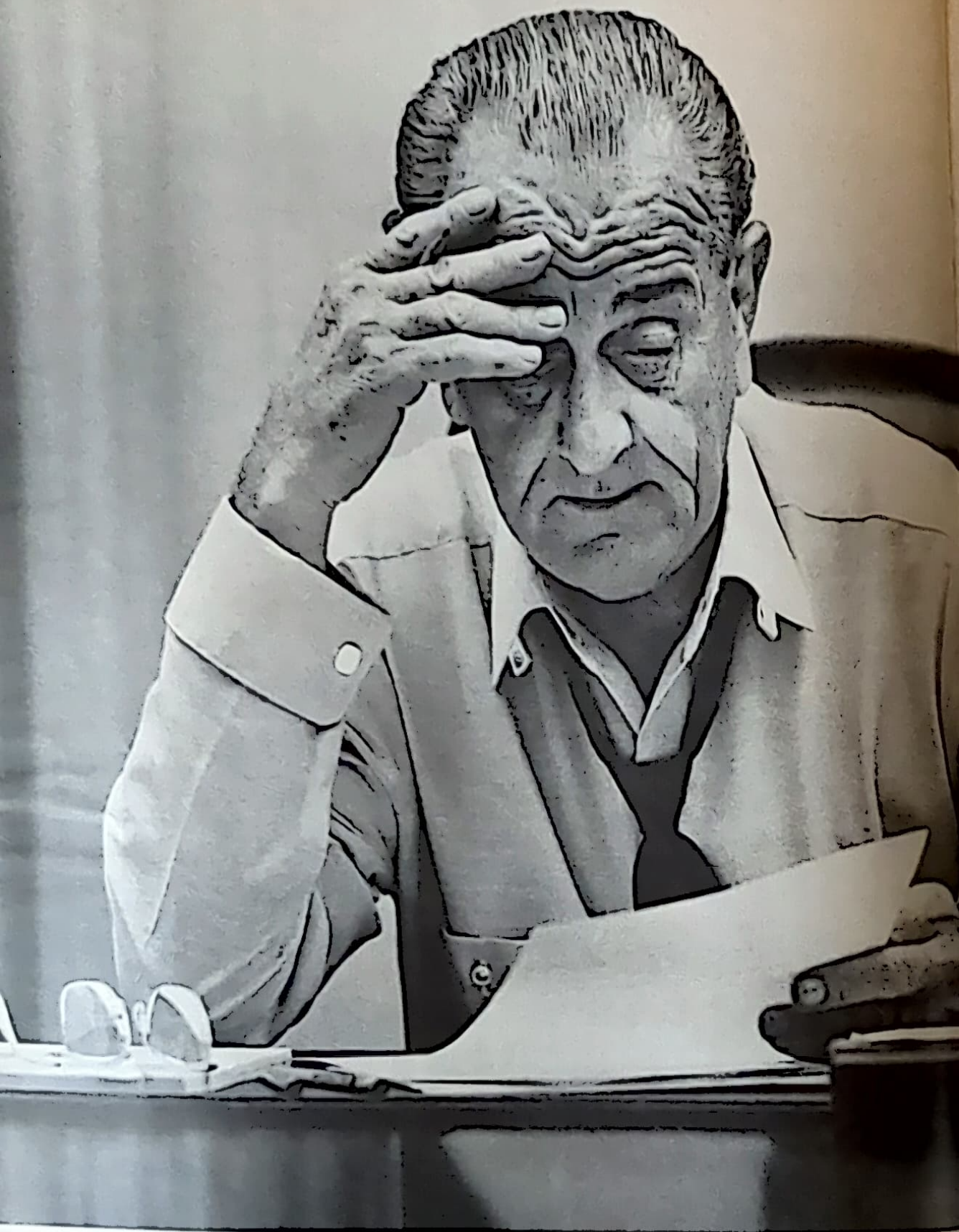
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A Surrender of Power



LIFE

Vol. 84, No. 17
Apr. 12, 1968

*'... the awesome
duties of this office—
the Presidency
of your country...'*

His deeply lined face reflecting the strain of his office and the tumult of his time, President Lyndon B. Johnson hunched over his desk as he worked on the historic speech in which he boldly plunged out of politics. The next night his words astounded the world. Disbelief, delight, despair, anger, joy, relief erupted in millions of living rooms across the country. Yet the overall reaction to the speech, in which Johnson also made the dramatic declaration that the U.S. bombing in North Vietnam would be sharply limited, was positive. Even Charles de Gaulle, usually pleased only with his own ideas, praised the President's bombing cutback as a courageous step toward peace. And the North Vietnamese said they wanted to talk with us about "the unconditional cessation of the bombing and all other acts of war." Just what that would lead to no sensible man dared predict, but it was the most affirmative reaction North Vietnam has ever given to any U.S. proposal.

President Johnson's decision mightily stirred the already boiling political brew among the Democrats. Robert Kennedy began the hot pursuit of leaders and convention delegates formerly in the President's pocket. Eugene McCarthy, with a solid victory in the Wisconsin primary, looked more and more like a real contender. And Hubert Humphrey, that shrewd and almost forgotten man of Mr. Johnson's Presidency, seemed ready to step out of his boss's shadow and declare himself in.

... and a Burst of Hope

Tortuous Road to Decision—

by HUGH SIDNEY

The climax to the Johnson mystery has been played. Now all the clues, for so long so meaningless to so many, leave a clear trail across the years.

He stood on his ranch one day in 1960, the senior senator from Texas whose hair had not been overwhelmed with gray and whose face was lean and firm. He looked out at the bluebonnets springing to life and he wanted to be President. He thought he had a chance, and then something deep down inside him brought one of those rare bursts of candor and he suddenly talked into the wind about a doubt that was there. "I know I've got a heart big enough to be President. I know I've got guts enough to be President. But I wonder whether I've got intelligence and ability enough to be President—I wonder if any man does."

He had only been President a few weeks when in the Oval Office, again something came out. Looking off across the south lawn, he mused, "I wonder if anybody with my background can hold this country together."

Even while he pursued the Presidency on his own aboard his gleaming jet in 1964 he mulled that thing which wouldn't be still. "I'd probably be a lot happier if I did lose. Luci's here, Lynda's the other place and Lady Bird's off somewhere. I could go back to the ranch and live comfortably. We'd have more after taxes and I could shoot my deer without having the Humane Society after me." Everybody laughed. He was only a little bit serious.

He had been President for three years. His consensus was being shattered and Vietnam was consuming him and the country. There was anger in his voice one night when he rasped, "I don't believe that I'll ever get credit for anything I do in foreign affairs, no matter how successful it is, because I didn't go to Harvard."

The worst was that many people didn't trust him. He walked on the White House drive in a cool evening, hands in his pockets, and wondered out loud: "Why should Ho Chi Minh believe me when the newspapers and the broadcasters in my own country won't believe me?" He talked about not running the next time. Nobody believed him.

Lady Bird wanted to go back to the ranch and Texas and she knew what was on her husband's mind. Wisely she never revealed the

depths of her feelings. When he spoke of not running again, she asked him to consider every facet of such a decision. But she was a lodestone pulling him toward the hill country.

John Connally, who had shared wealth and power and life with Johnson, decided last year that he did not want to be governor of Texas for a third term. The President's talk of not running suddenly became serious. George Christian, who had served Connally as press secretary and was now doing the same for Johnson, settled himself in front of L.B.J. last October at the ranch and scribbled on a yellow tablet the rudimentary outline of a statement of withdrawal which the President was quietly thinking out loud. He wanted to say what he had tried to do in the war and to outline the state of the nation. He wanted to say that the time had come for him to choose priorities, that he did not want to be a part-time President, and that for the next 14 months he wanted to give all he had for peace. Nobody was indispensable, he wound up. Christian folded up his two pages of notes and drove to Austin to talk with Connally. The two sat at the dining room table while Christian took down Connally's thoughts on pieces of White House stationery he had brought along.

The thin trail of hints of what was on Johnson's mind grew to a thicket but nobody paid much attention. When his old friend Ev Dirksen brought the talk around to politics while he sipped a drink in the President's study, Johnson leveled his sad eyes on Ev and said, "I'm not a candidate for anything." He admonished the staff members who sat with him through endless meetings: "Remember, we've only a few months to get this done."

Such forebodings seemed only part of the contradictions in Lyndon Johnson. He was still immensely proud of his office and savored all its pomp and perquisites. He loved to wield the power—and said so. But as the public battering increased and grew nasty, Johnson's large and sensitive ego was rubbed raw. And Lady Bird waged her subtle campaign. She would say that if the President decided not to run he had to let the people know and he only had 300 days left to do it. Johnson told some friends that if he quit he would have the best pension in government history from his service as congressman, senator, Vice President and President. One day down in

Georgia, Lady Bird pointed to retired Congressman Carl Vinson and said, "See, Lyndon, there's a man who can leave Washington and be happy."

His friend and former aide, Horace Busby, thoughtful and compassionate, flew around the world with the President before Christmas. When Air Force One thundered over the hills of Iran toward Rome, Johnson summoned Busby to his side. "What do you think I ought to do next year?" Busby is a man who knows his own mind and speaks it. He also knew what was on Johnson's. Busby said the President should withdraw.

In that moment high in the jet stream there was almost an unspoken agreement that five years was Johnson's rightful time in the Presidency. He had held the nation together in trauma, he had skillfully dissolved the legislative log jam, he had set a course toward the Great Society. He had, to the best of his ability, decided our position in Vietnam. The endless Asian miles reeled by in the gathering dark of Christmas Eve and for the first time Johnson talked of the raging divisiveness in the land. He had been the President of consensus, the quoter of Isaiah, the man who sought unity above all else. Now he had become a symbol of disarray. He wanted to change that.

Before Johnson gave his State of the Union address on Jan. 17 he asked Christian to prepare a statement that he was withdrawing as a presidential candidate. He might, he explained, add it to his address. He wanted a bipartisan audience and a dignified setting. The joint session of Congress seemed right. The unflappable Christian went to his typewriter and extracted a statement from his notes and Connally's. His typing was bad and he turned to his assistant, Tom Johnson, who batted it out cleanly on an electric machine—secretaries could not be in on the secret yet.

On the Sunday morning of Jan. 14, Busby picked up his phone

and heard the Johnson drawl. "Can you come down? There's something I want to go over." In the Sabbath quiet of the mansion, Johnson told Busby he had about made up his mind to go ahead and announce his withdrawal. Should he make his statement at the end of the State of the Union address? Busby worried the problem for a day and he produced a memo with a draft of a withdrawal statement. The proper use of the Presidency now was for the pursuit of peace, wrote Busby, not for the purpose of politics. He raised the problems that would confront a President serving out so much of his term as a lame duck. Then he discounted them. In the end he said Johnson must "step to his own drum."

Christian took his own statement and the Busby draft and gave another version to Johnson. He asked if the President wanted the statement to be put on the Tele-Prompter for the State of the Union address but L.B.J. said no, he would carry it. He folded up the paper and put it in his inside pocket. Later he showed it to Mrs. Johnson who edited a word or two. But by that time the President had decided the time was not right and Lady Bird kept the statement. A full-throated Lyndon Johnson faced into the television cameras like a candidate. He had decided he might damage his program for 1968 if he became the lame duck. He needed more time to send his special messages to the Hill. He asked George Christian to keep the statement up to date, waiting for another time.

Trouble deepened. Something told Johnson that Bobby Kennedy was a candidate even when Kennedy was denying it. "He's running," said the President night after night, eyes narrowed. Johnson fell in the polls. Eugene McCarthy took to the road in New Hampshire. The gold crisis set in. The startling vote in New Hampshire showed the basic political weakness of Johnson, bringing



and Lady Bird's Role

Kennedy into the fight and making a Johnson defeat—at the convention or in the election—a real possibility.

Saturday, March 30 was sunny and the White House gardens were signaling the season that Johnson loves to spend down on the ranch watching the new life cycle begin. But he was in his office deeply enmeshed with his national security advisers, preparing a speech on the next steps for Vietnam. He had, a few weeks earlier, completed a partial review of the situation but then came the Tet offensive. He finally worked out agreement between his generals and diplomats that he could try a partial bombing pause. Implicit in his decision was a change in his thinking about the war. He would take steps toward reducing the level of hostilities. Then he would go further. He would take himself out of the political debate.

That Saturday Busby was called to the White House again. The President asked him: should he announce his withdrawal? Busby, for the first time, strongly advocated the move. Everybody else was saying that the President had to get out in the country and into the political fight. "I wish," Busby said, "you could do what we talked about doing in January." Johnson was silent for a few moments. "I am making a speech tomorrow night on television." That was the first Busby knew about the bombing cessation. He read the speech and felt it was ideal for the announcement, that it would make Johnson's offer more convincing. A new withdrawal statement was finished by midafternoon and given to Johnson.

By 4 p.m. that day the President was going over his talk line by line in the Cabinet room. Around him were Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford and his predecessor Robert McNamara, William Bundy, Walt Rostow, Christian and Busby. As the discussion went on Johnson reached into his inside coat pocket and pulled out the statement. He pushed the folded paper across the dark mahogany surface of the Cab-

inet table toward Christian. "This will probably be in the peroration," he said matter-of-factly. Christian unfolded the sheets, read in silence and put the paper in his pocket.

When the big meeting broke up, Johnson reassembled his most trusted advisers in his small study—Christian, Marvin Watson, along with two other aides who had not yet been told, Jim Jones and Larry Temple. They debated Johnson's withdrawal. Watson and Jones expressed doubt. Johnson seemed determined. But he did not sleep well that night.

Busby was summoned back to the White House Sunday morning. Johnson was ready for church. He strode into the sitting room at the west end of the private quarters, sat down and began to talk briskly, which to those who know him indicates his mind is moving toward final decision. He told Busby that there were always personal considerations in such a move as this and they were there now. But they really were incidental to the larger issue. Johnson had only one question left. "If I do this, can I make my commands effective either domestically or internationally?" The lame-duck doubt again. Busby felt that he could—indeed, in some instances would—find less resistance to his moves. L.B.J. wanted a new draft of the declaration that would emphasize the divisiveness in the country and the need for unity.

Busby went to the Treaty Room, the green chamber with the heavy Victorian furniture that had once been Andrew Johnson's Cabinet room. He began to write long-hand, something he had not done for years. Somehow it came out easily. He had the job done when Johnson returned from church and from visiting Vice President Hubert Humphrey, to whom he had given the news—although he did not say when he would make the announcement.

"Bus, they are all against you," Johnson said. Marie Femmer, his personal secretary, had added her reservations. But the President was

not making phone calls all over the country asking advice about what to do—a sign that he knew the course he was going to take.

There was a great deal of family talk and questioning on Sunday. Lynda had flown all night from California, where she had seen her husband, Marine Captain Charles Robb, off to Vietnam. She wondered about the effect of the withdrawal on the troops. But Johnson had asked General William Westmoreland last fall about that and the general had said though the troops would be shocked at first, they would get over it soon. Luci was sad. She will be 21 on July 2 and she wanted to vote just once for her father for President. But such objections were swept away in the belief that the President should do what he thought he should. Robb, who had been told earlier by Johnson, and Nugent, who was present Sunday, both sided with their father-in-law.

There was an air of unreality about the White House that afternoon. There lingered a strong doubt that Johnson would ever voluntarily relinquish the power he had. "I'm not going to know probably until I get in there whether I'm going to use that speech," he himself said at one point.

Time raced by. The Oval Office was filling with cameras and lights. Johnson finally allowed the withdrawal statement to be added to the TelePrompTer. He gave orders that his aides were to call Cabinet officers and other key men and inform them what was coming or ask them to be certain to watch. Then, in the Oval Office, Johnson practiced those last lines in front of his family. A few minutes before air time the tight circle had to be broken. Photographers and reporters were impatient to come in. Johnson smiled and told Christian to let them in.

Even now there were still doubts. Lady Bird, seated behind the cameras, looked anxious. Busby wandered out of the office,



Scanning headlines in his Washington apartment, Vice President Humphrey concealed his own plans behind a smile. He is cast as the heir apparent to votes that would have gone to Johnson.

lighted a cigarette and stood with reporters in the press room in front of a TV screen to watch the shock register—it indeed the President went through with his withdrawal.

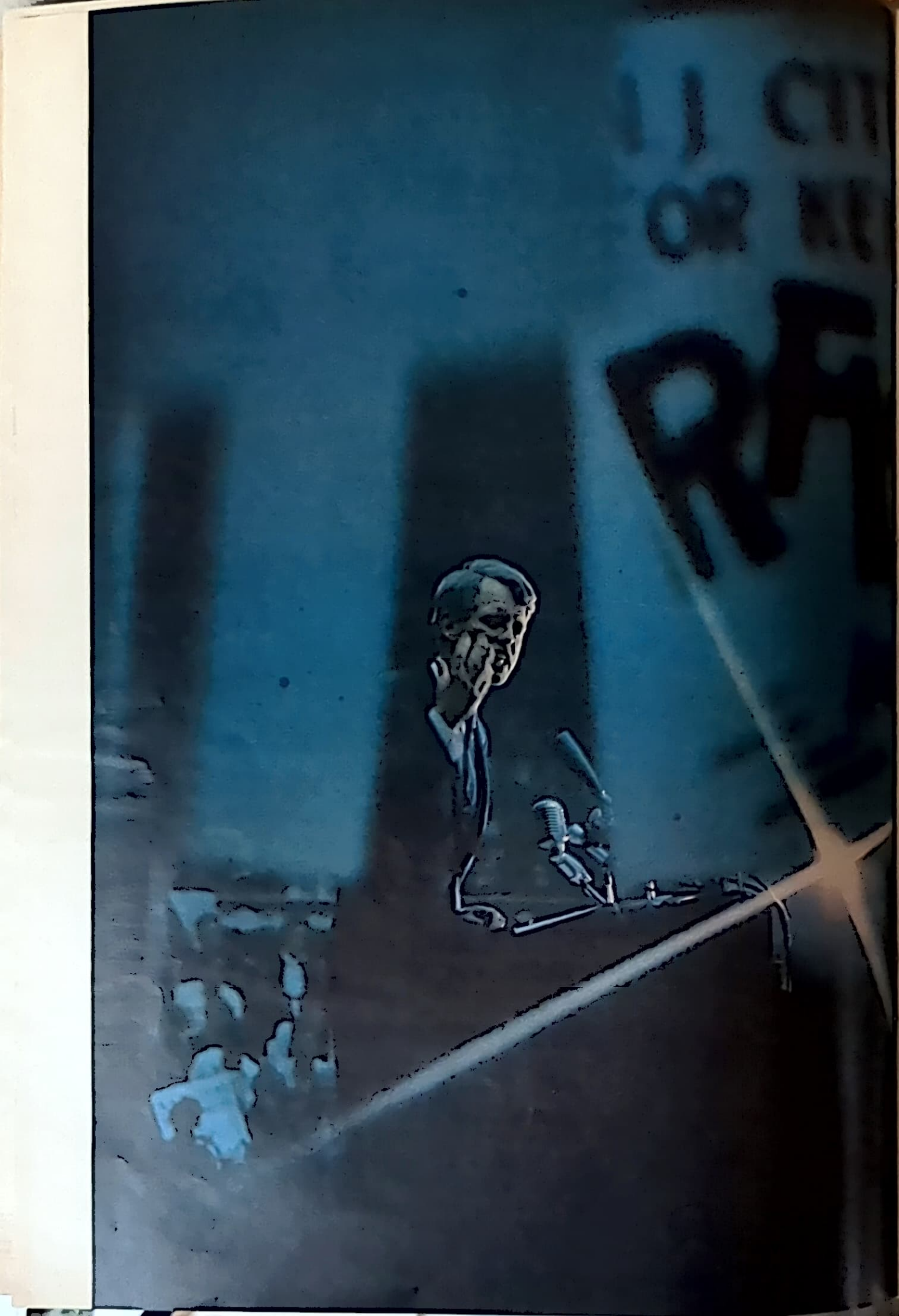
The speech began. Johnson spoke easily, the words moving smoothly. He finished his announced text and the final statement rolled up on the TelePrompTer. All of a sudden he glanced at Lady Bird. He started to lift his hand to his forehead as if to brush away a droplet of sweat, then he stopped the motion, laid his hand down and began to talk again. The improbable, the impossible was happening. For the first time the wife of the President of the United States was certain. She was radiant. Busby heard the words start to come out and he prepared something inside himself because it was going to happen. Then it did. "Accordingly, I shall not seek and I will not accept the nomination of my party for another term as your President."

Moments later Lady Bird went up to her husband standing between the U.S. flag and the presidential flag and hugged him. Johnson then went to his study to watch the TV aftermath. He and George Christian faced each other alone for a long moment. Silently they shook hands and then suddenly they were embracing.



Before he made up his mind President Johnson conferred on three occasions with his friend and political confidant, Governor Connally. In January the Johnsons and Connallys gathered at the LBJ Ranch (left). "No one can make the basic decision but you," Connally told L.B.J. "but if you make it, the sooner you act the better." At right, after TV speech, Lady Bird embraces her husband.





For 15 grueling days, across 15 states, until his voice gave out, Robert Kennedy had shouted out against Lyndon Johnson, against the Vietnam war and against the "party bosses" who would manipulate the Democratic Convention in Chicago. He was a long shot, trying to yoke all of America's discontents to his insurgency and blitz the convention from below.

So when he was first told that Lyndon Johnson had withdrawn, Kennedy looked as frustrated and as shocked as Muhammad Ali that night in Maine when his soft right chop deposited big bad Sonny Liston on the canvas and he stood over Liston shouting, "Get up, get up!" At once, Kennedy had lost his target, his chief issue, his psychological motivation, his underdog aura and his strategy. Instead of a wild slugging match, his campaign would have to be a methodical and joyless boxing duel.

Kennedy had to adjust swiftly. The night of Johnson's withdrawal he sat up until 3 a.m. as his aides put through more than 30 long-distance telephone calls to governors, senators, publishers, party contributors and advisers across the country. By the time he fell asleep, Robert Kennedy felt that, except for the South and the labor leaders, he had strength everywhere.

From the phone conversations he understood he could now count on the support of most of the 15 New York county leaders who had been uncommitted. Out in Indianapolis that night, Teddy Kennedy had already been delegate-hunting for his brother's first primary run, the May 7 Indiana fight. Bobby had regarded his entry in this conservative state as a gamble, a private poll indicated he had only a 50-50 chance of defeating the President's stand-in, popular Governor Roger Branigin. But now, within hours of the President's announced withdrawal, Teddy told him he could at least count on Lieutenant Governor Robert L. Rock. Then the candidate himself spoke with the

two Indiana senators, Birch Bayh and Vance Hartke, and was told he could count on both being neutral, if not for him.

Similar news, the Kennedy people say, came in that night from Maine, California, Nebraska and Missouri. According to them, many of the people Kennedy had denounced in the west as "party bosses" the week before were ready to flee the vacuum the President had created and dutifully join up with R.F.K.

Until Johnson withdrew, Kennedy's brain trust had agreed that his best hope of nomination was to convince as many governors and senators as possible to run as favorite sons. That tactic would keep their delegations away from Johnson on the first ballot. Kennedy was confident he had second-ballot strength stored away in delegations that were legally committed to Johnson only on the first ballot. In the days following Johnson's bombshell, Kennedy discovered that enemies in Texas and New Jersey and Virginia were themselves retreating to the favorite-son maneuver as part of a holding operation for Vice President Humphrey.

Kennedy's first thoughts were that Humphrey would try to cement an alliance with a leading Southern politician, perhaps Texas Governor John Connally or Senate Whip Russell Long, and run with him. But the Kennedy camp felt it could concede the South and the union leaders to Humphrey and still beat him, because the Vice President appeared to have little popular support in any of the primary states except his native South Dakota.

Senator Eugene McCarthy represented an entirely different threat. McCarthy continues to command the imaginations of the intellectuals, the middle-class reformers and many of the urban campuses. These elements constituted Kennedy's base six months ago, and now he must have it back to give substance and vitality

to what could become a relatively conventional campaign. "It's just like 1960," Kennedy said last week. "When the liberals were holding out for Stevenson and my brother was worried they wouldn't be around to help us against Nixon in the fall."

Kennedy's first instinct was to try to win back the kids and reformers by challenging McCarthy directly on his Senate voting record: the liberal Americans for Democratic Action gave McCarthy only a 62% rating on his 67 votes—Kennedy's was 100%. McCarthy supported the oil-depletion allowance in 1964, he voted against a 1965 voting rights amendment to eliminate the poll tax. But Kennedy then decided that such a frontal attack would probably be judged as ruthlessness and would backfire. Particularly since in some states, like Florida and Connecticut, Kennedy partisans are still joined in a united antiwar front with McCarthy men.

His predicament is most frustrating to Kennedy. He has a long history of personal hostility toward McCarthy, going back to 1960, when McCarthy supported Lyndon Johnson over his brother. In 1964 Kennedy quietly urged the New Frontiersmen who still remained inside the Administration, men like Kenneth O'Donnell, to work for Hubert Humphrey for Vice President rather than McCarthy. Kennedy still feels warm toward Humphrey and, even privately, has not personalized his differences with the Vice President as he has with McCarthy.

Indiana will be the first direct confrontation between the two antiwar candidates. Perhaps open battles over issues will develop in later weeks, but in Indiana the opening Kennedy strategy will be direct and primitive: run on the charisma of the Kennedy name to turn on huge crowds and to build up a handwagon psychology. Kennedy will demonstrate his civil rights differences with McCarthy by implication—by showing he can be mobbed in the streets in the black ghettos, by pointing to his pioneering anti-slum work, by trotting out endorsements from Negro leaders. R.F.K.'s strategists say the Negro vote will be a key in his carrying Indiana and California against McCarthy. Perhaps the only significant new clue of any kind to come out of the Wisconsin primary was that Lyndon Johnson ran stronger than McCarthy in Milwaukee's militant Negro precincts.

After Indiana, Kennedy will still be running a split-level campaign. Half of it will be a nuts-and-bolts,

basement operation master-minded by his brother Teddy. Kenneth O'Donnell and Dave Hackert. They will be working quietly for delegates in the big cities and in outposts like Wyoming and Vermont. At the same time the handwagon, picture-window approach—attracting big, wild crowds in front of the television cameras—will be used for the Indiana and Nebraska primaries and the pivotal ones in Oregon and California. If Kennedy runs strongly in those primaries, the work in the nuts-and-bolts operation will become easier. The hope in the Kennedy camp is that Teddy O'Donnell and the other veterans of 1960 will be able to convince local pols that it is in their self-interest to be with a winner.

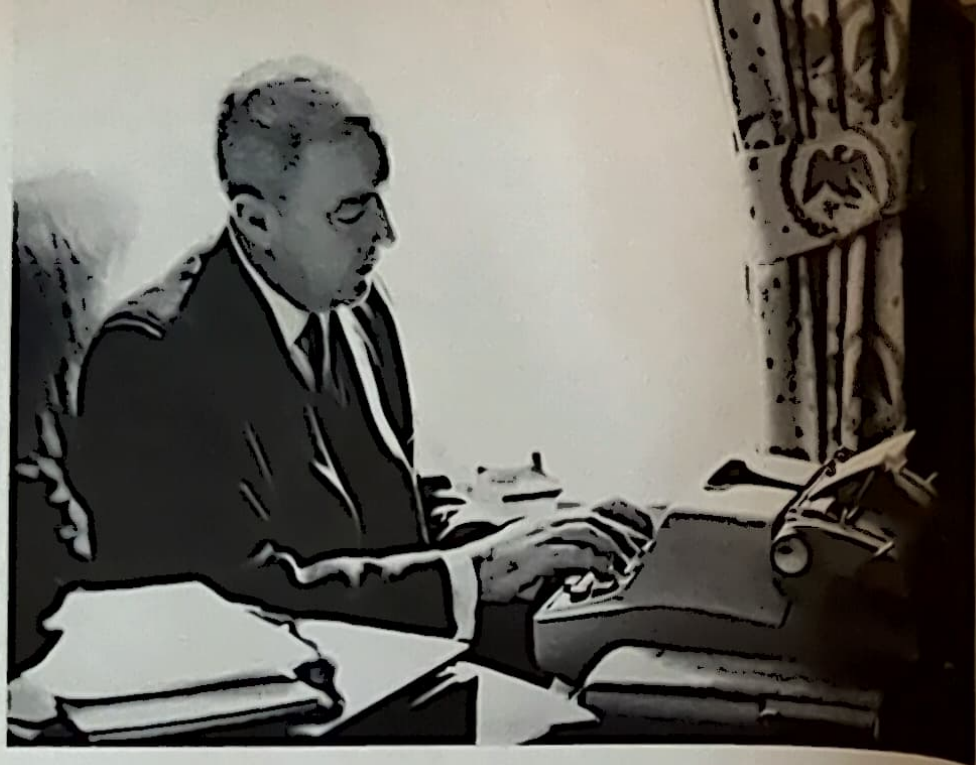
Bobby still has major problems, including that of how to handcuff his emotions toward President Johnson. In the first week of the campaign he attacked the President so hard that he began to create a sympathy backlash for Johnson among some of his own political supporters and the press. When Johnson pulled out, it was Kennedy's own idea to dispatch the telegram that led to Wednesday's meeting—the telegram "respectfully" requesting a "meeting in the interest of national unity."

"We didn't know how to read Johnson's announcement," said a Kennedy adviser. "Some of us suspected it was a 'Nasser ploy' to stimulate a popular demand for him to get back in the race. But Bob did just what his brother did during the Cuban missile crisis in dealing with the Russians. He picked the part of the statement he wanted to respond to—the part about Johnson now putting himself above partisan politics. The idea behind the telegram was to make Johnson act on that section, even if he didn't really mean it. None of us doubts that Johnson will do anything in his power to stop Bob, even throw it to McCarthy. But now he's been neutralized, at least for a while."

Unable to attack either McCarthy or Johnson, Kennedy is looking for new issues that would return the psychic energy to his campaign. Days after Johnson's announcement, the frustrated Kennedy campaign was still groping for new themes and new rhetoric. Everyone seemed still to be dazed and waiting for Hubert Humphrey, Mayor Daley or Ho Chi Minh to do something that might explode the malaise.

"I don't know what I can do now," Kennedy admitted last week. "It's no fun attacking Nixon so early in the game."

Kennedy's Search for a New Target



Eugene McCarthy did not even hear Lyndon Johnson announce that he was giving up the job McCarthy wanted. The senator was speaking in Waukesha, Wis. when newsmen crashed on stage with the unbelievable word from Washington. At first McCarthy did not understand what had happened. Then came a hoarse shout from the back of the hall: "He's not running!" and the audience burst into cheers. Two days later, despite a strong sympathy backlash for LBJ, McCarthy got 57% of the Democratic primary vote, to Johnson's 35%. *LIFE* Columnist Shana Alexander is an admirer of poets and of Senator McCarthy.

by SHANA
ALEXANDER

McCarthy: a Poet's Voice Stirs the Land

Poets," said Shelley long ago, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Today we have a legislator who is an unacknowledged poet. Unacknowledged too until now is the possibility—after Wisconsin suddenly real—that Eugene McCarthy could be President of the United States.

There is novelty in the idea of a poet-President, but no incompatibility for McCarthy's political strength and his verse flow from the same richness of mind. In a poem to his friend Robert Lowell, whom he brilliantly epitomizes as "poet of purity and of parsimony, using one sense at a time," the senator goes on to praise Lowell as "double agent of doubt, smuggler of truth."

That line also describes McCarthy's own style as a presidential campaigner. When he first announced his candidacy the senator was dismissed as an unknown Don Quixote, a "gallant irrelevancy." McCarthy may have been poorly organized, and undersupplied with money, but he was never irrelevant. His candidacy came about as response, reflection and riposte to the binary political, moral and social climate of the times.

In his quiet, low-voltage way McCarthy has by now put into circulation enough double-edged

doubts and smuggled truths about the real state of the union to throw the political situation into an uproar. This mild-seeming man may or may not have scared Rocky out of the presidential race but he certainly scared Bobby in. Now he has helped unhorse a President and perhaps toppled a policy. In four months the foolish knight has shown himself a serious prince. McCarthy is now a major political figure, and though he may not be nominated for President in 1968, or even in 1972, he will be a force to be reckoned with in America for a long time to come.

Certainly McCarthy's accelerating strength as a candidate does not come from traditional sources of political power—party patronage, great wealth, or personal charisma. It comes from the force and toughness and nobility of his ideas. McCarthy's speeches invariably are addressed to the people, not to the party. He appears less interested in the making of a President than in the making of an electorate: the putting together of what he calls a "constituency of conscience. It's a new America," he says, "and we need a new kind of politics."

The Milwaukee speech on

March 23, in which the Minnesota senator first presented himself as a serious candidate for President and "not just as an educational force," restated the same deep conviction that McCarthy had first articulated in his passionate nominating speech for Adlai Stevenson eight years before. He prefers leaders who are sought out by the people over leaders who seek power for themselves. "This country does not so much need leadership," he explained, "because the potential for leadership in a free country must exist in every man and every woman. The President must be prepared to be a kind of channel for (people's) aspirations . . . largely by way of setting people free."

In the same speech McCarthy for the first time made public his fondness for verse, mentioned four poets in half an hour, and concluded with the passage from Walt Whitman which has become one of his major themes: "Poets to come, and orators to come, and singers, all of you who are to come . . . arouse, arouse, for you must justify me, you must answer."

McCarthy has read verse all his life, and a year or so ago he started writing it as well, scratching out lines in longhand at odd hours in planes and hotel rooms, later typing them up in his Senate office,

and slashing them in a scuffed blue notebook misleadingly labeled "University of Minnesota." There are 50 or more poems or fragments of poems in the folder, none published, and until recently not even shown to many other people. Humility and great respect for the company of all poets, alive and dead, account in part for his reluctance. But it is writing verse that interests him, not having it read.

Lately McCarthy has discovered, with some surprise, that people who like his politics also tend to like poetry. Crowds surge forward eagerly when they learn that Robert Lowell is traveling with the candidate. And recently addressing a union meeting in a Milwaukee basement, the senator was astounded to hear himself proudly introduced to an audience of Amalgamated Clothing Workers and meatcutters as "The Honorable Eugene J. McCarthy—poet, friend of labor, and candidate for President of the United States."

The tough-minded candidate and the questioning poet dwell quite compatibly in the same place—inside McCarthy's silver gray head—along with a seasoned philosopher, a shrewd gambler, and the intense 12-year-old whose boyhood is so vividly recollected here in the poem by the mature

THE DAY TIME BEGAN by Eugene McCarthy

Our days were yellow and green
we marked the seasons with respect,
but spring was ours. We were shoots
and sprouts, and greenings.
We heard the first word
that fish were running in the creek.
Secretive we went with men into sheds
for torches and tridents
for nets and traps.
We shared the wildness of that week,
in men and fish. First fruits
after the winter. Dried meat gone,
the pork barrel holding only brine.
Bank clerks came out in skins,
teachers in loin clouts,
while game wardens drove
in darkened cars,
watching the vagrant flares
beside the fish mad streams, or crouched
at home to see who came and went,
holding their peace
surprised by violence.

We were spendthrift of time
A day was not too much to spend
to find a willow right for a whistle
to blow the greenest sound the world
has ever heard.
Another day to search the oak and
hickory thickets,

geometry and experience run together
to choose the fork, fit
for a sling.
Whole days long we pursued the
spotted frogs
and dared the curse of newts and toads.

New adams, unhurried, pure, we checked
the names

given by the old.
Some things we found well titled
blood-root for sight
skunks for smell
crab apples for taste
yarrow for sound
mallow for touch.

Some we found named ill, too little
or too much
or in a foreign tongue.
These we challenged with new names.

Space was our pre-occupation,
infinity, not eternity our concern.
We were strong bent on counting,
the railroad ties, so many to a mile,
the telephone poles, the cars that passed,
marking our growth against
the door frames.

The sky was a kite,
I flew it on a string, winding

it in to see its blue, again
to count the whirling swallows,
and read the patterned scroll of
Markings evening
to check the markings of the hawk,
and then letting it out to the end
of the last pinched inch of
string, in the vise of thumb and finger.

One day the string broke,
the kite fled over the shoulder of the world,
but reluctantly, reaching back
in great lunges
as lost kites do, or as a girl running
in a reversed movie, as at each
arched step, the earth
set free, leaps forward, catching
her farther back
the treadmill doubly betraying.
Remote and more remote.

Now I lie on a west facing hill in October
the dragging string having circled
the world, the universe,
crosses my hand in the grass. I do not
grasp it.
It brushes my closed eyes. I do not open
That world is no longer mine,
but for remembrance.
Space ended then, and time began.

McCarthy, *The Day Time Began*. The mind that contains all these elements is a complex place: hall of mirrors, citadel of faith, archive of facts, sardonic lunhouse, pragmatist's pad, thinker's tower, and something of a hermit's cell.

Yet for all the depth and passion of mind which his verse suggests, McCarthy has the true dignity of a still surface, a composure which, in the hurly-burly of politics, is a really difficult thing to achieve. The easy thing is to demagogue. But McCarthy has the true poet's style of mind—oblique, comfortable in ambiguity, informed by paradox. This and not policy or program is perhaps the greatest difference between him and Robert Kennedy. It is a matter of fundamental style. Kennedy shoots; McCarthy fishes. McCarthy doesn't want to sock it to 'em. "I don't want them to scream, I want them to listen. Bobby's campaign is like a grass fire—it will just burn off the surface. Mine is like a fire in a peat bog. It will hold on for six months."

A half year before he decided to offer himself as a candidate for President, in the time when he was still hoping fervently that someone else would step forward to protest the policies and patterns which McCarthy opposed, the senator wrote a poem titled

Lament of an Aging Politician:

*The Dream of Ciceronian is
my dream
And Lowell's self-salted
night sweat, wet, flannel,
my morning's
shoulder shroud.*

*Now, far-sighted I see the distant
danger
beyond the coffin confines of
telephone booths,
my arms stretched to read, in vain.*

*Stubbornness and penicillin hold
the aged above me.
My metaphors grow cold and old,
my enemies, both young and bold.*

*I have left Act I, for involution
and Act II. There mired in
complexity
I cannot write Act III.*

A day or two before the Wisconsin primary, the senator was driving through a long, bare stretch of Wisconsin farmland. The plowed fields were black earth and straw, the bare trees were black etchings on sky, and he noticed crows, a black dog, black cows. "Black is the true color of early spring," he said. "It's the only color you really see."

I asked if he still felt unable to write Act III. "I don't really want

to write it," he said. "You know the old rules. Act I states the problem, Act II deals with the complications, and Act III resolves them. I'm an Act II man. That's where I live—involution and complexity."

"In politics, I think you must stay in Act II. You can't draw lines under things, or add up scores; the complications just go on in different forms. You have to understand that. When you get into Act III you have to write a tragedy. Napoleon tried writing Act III, and in the last year of his life I think Woodrow Wilson attempted it. He wanted to wrap the world all up, just when he was coming apart."

"F.D.R. never quite came to that point, drawing a line under the score and adding things up, because he always moved on to new problems."

The senator paused to point out a few bare tamaracks by the roadside. These can grow only in marginal land, between swamp and field, and they cannot seed themselves within their own shadow. McCarthy thinks them the saddest of trees, and another of his poems speaks of "the least trees in that least land."

"No, I'd say Roosevelt was an Act II politician," he went on, happy at being able, upon reflection, to include Franklin Roo-

sevelt in his favorite category.

I asked him about other Presidents. "Lyndon only really came about Act III. What does history say about the Great Society? What will the future think of Lyndon Johnson?"

"With Eisenhower you just got the sound of the orchestra tuning up all the time. Jack Kennedy brought a style to the Presidency, a proper sense of the office, but he really didn't get time to write much."

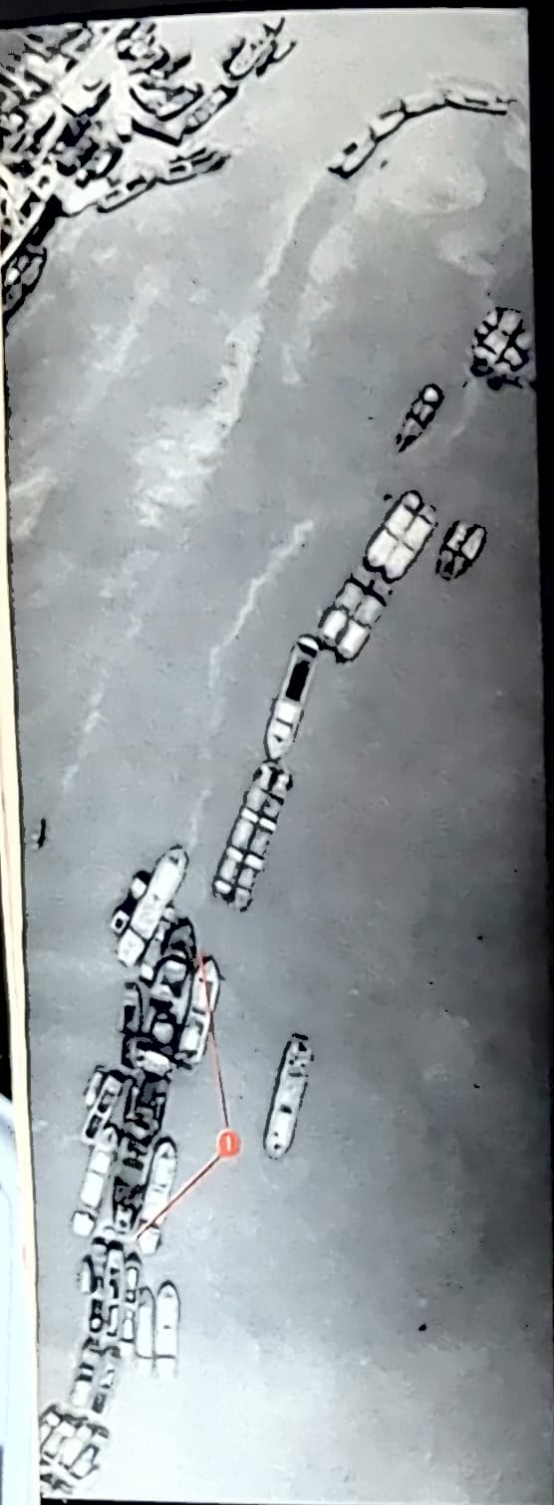
"Bobby is an Act I man. He was here's a problem. Here's another problem. Here's another. He never really deals with Act II, but I think maybe Bobby's beginning to write Act III now. Bobby's tragedy is that he beat me, he's going to have to destroy his daughter. Today I occupy most of Jack's position on the board. That's kind of Ciceronian, isn't it?"

He looked out the window now, pointing out features of the glacial moraine, the clay hills, the hollowed-out swamps where the tamarack grows, and the thickets of pussy willow signaling with their burnt claret haze the very first color of Midwest spring. "Well, here we go again, making each politician all across Wisconsin," he said with a grin.

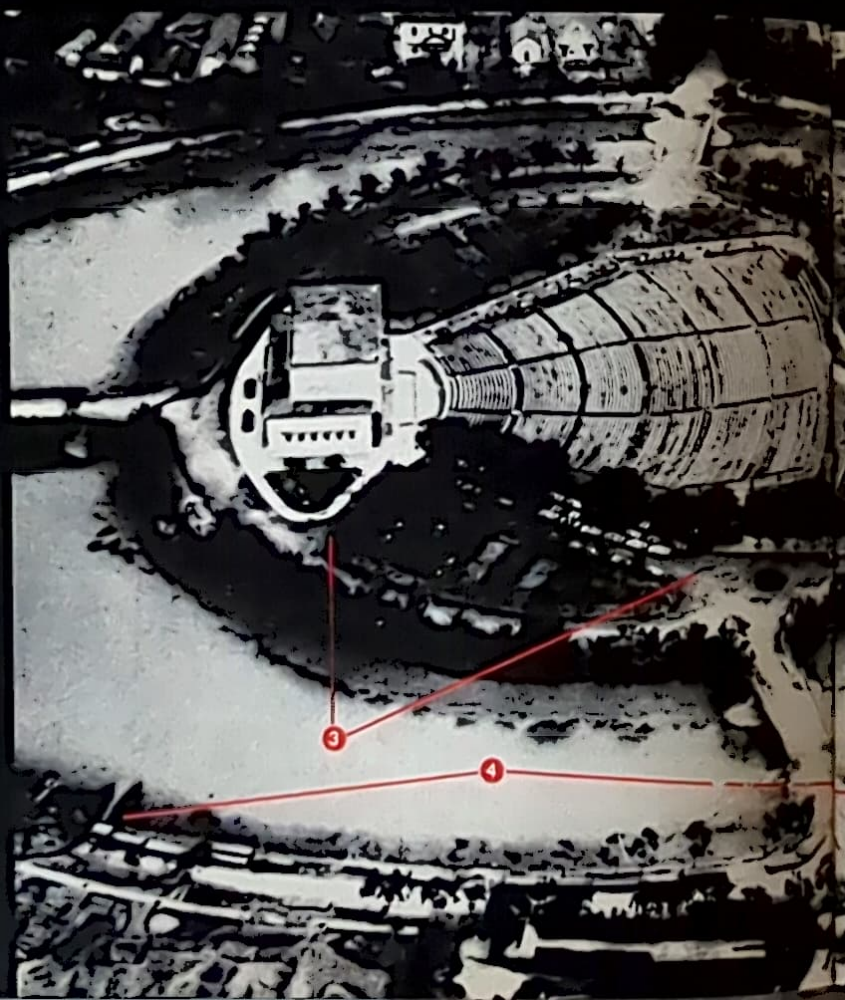
The bombing pause—why it's

President Johnson's decision merely to cut back the bombing of North Vietnam rather than stop it altogether was prompted by the hard realities of North Vietnam's logistical operations. The aerial photographs on these and the following pages, which have never heretofore been published, provide startling proof of the scope and the fast-improving sophistication of the enemy's supply system—as well as the subterfuges that are employed. The pictures were taken over North and South Vietnam by U.S. Air Force jets using new ultrasensitive cameras to record details that escape the human eye. From sanctuaries in Haiphong (shown here) and other "off-limits" population centers, truck convoys have moved southward over the Ho Chi Minh Trail—really a heavy-duty highway—with cargoes of Russian- and Chinese-made guns and munitions as well as replacement troops. During the three-month buildup that preceded the Tet offensive, it is known that 100,000 tons of war matériel were shipped into South Vietnam, three fourths of it through neutral Laos and Cambodia. Even with the bombing then taking place, 90% of it got through. Said the President: "We went just as far as we could go without yielding the lives of our boys. . . . We'd like to stop it all."

The Air Force reconnaissance photo above, taken last January of a tiny North Vietnamese fishing village five miles from Haiphong, revealed a tempting tar-



At Haiphong, lighters cluster around a Chinese freighter (1) being off-loaded in mid-harbor. Despite its importance as North Vietnam's major receiving center for war matériel, the U.S. has not bombed the harbor.



not total



get—nearly 600 drums of fuel oil (2) stored in neat rows in an open barnyard waiting to be shipped south by sampan to the war zone. But the vil-

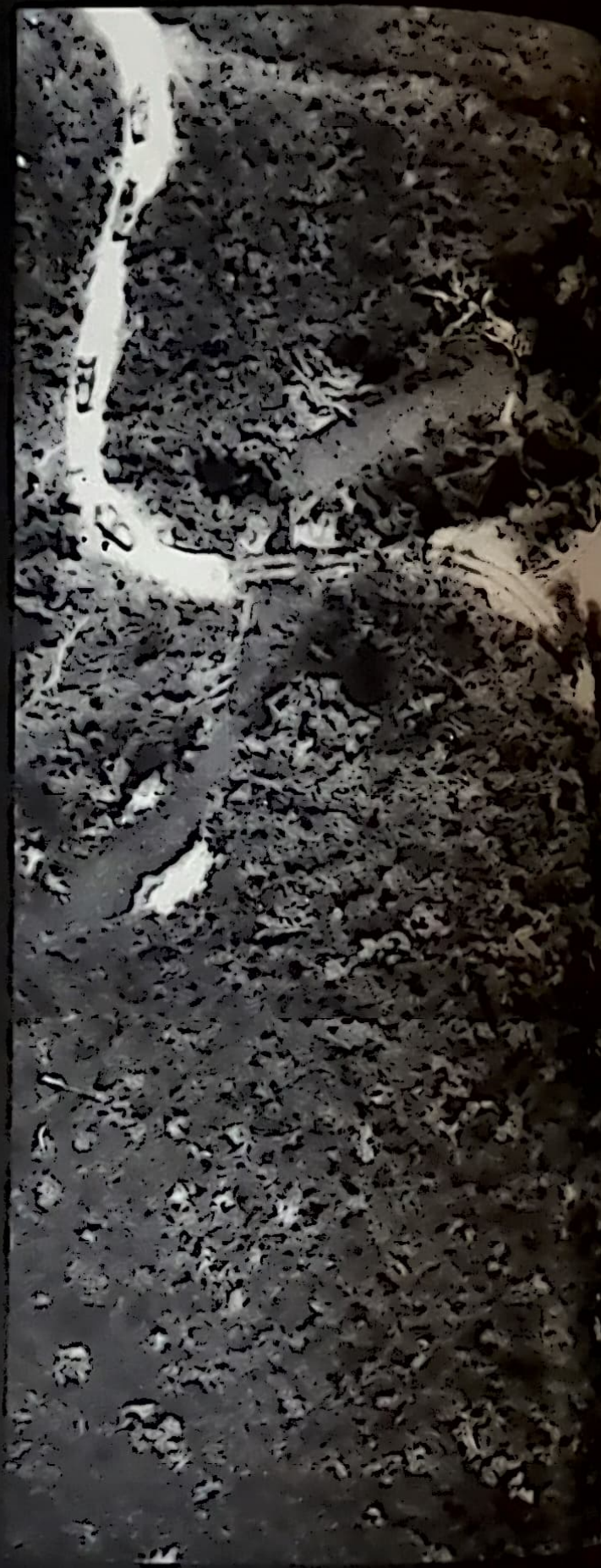
lage is a "populated area" and thus by our own rules is immune to attack by U.S. bombers—a fact the North Vietnamese know and take advantage of.



The U.S. classified Haiphong's island amphitheatre (left) as a "cultural center" and has not bombed it. This photo, taken in March, shows it being used as a sanctuary for 50 Soviet-made

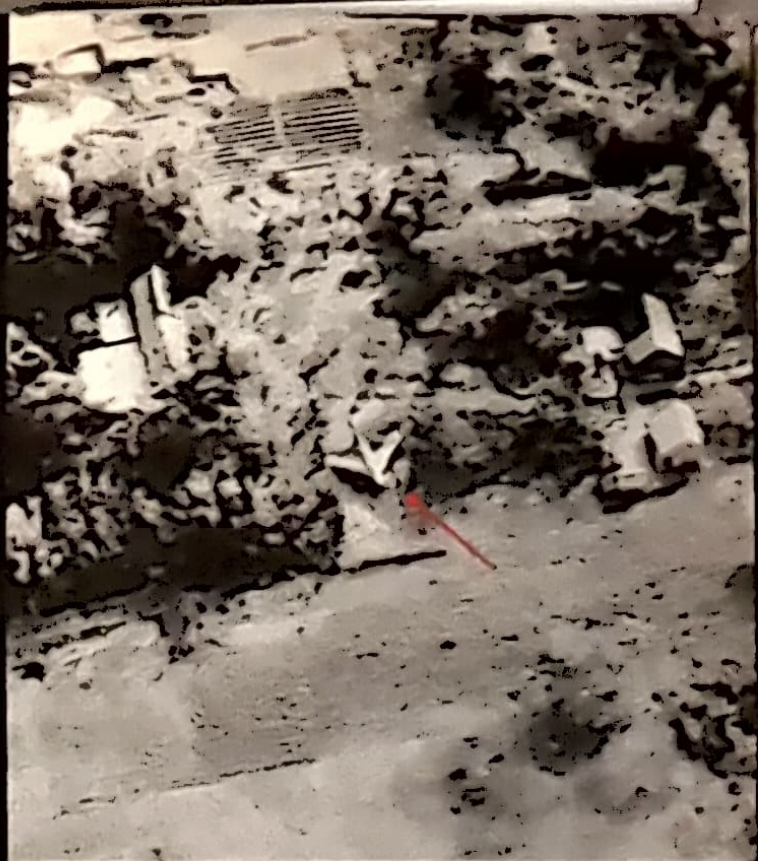
and equally safe from attack—are crates believed to contain missiles and rockets (4) and other unidentified war supplies (5 and 6). Above, a 100-truck convoy (7) forms up in the safety of a city street in Haiphong.

Heavy-duty haulage on the Ho Chi Minh Trail




As the crater-pocked landscape above testifies, this vital supply route just north of the Demilitarized Zone has been bombed repeatedly—and often accurately—by U.S. planes. The explosions and the landslides they cause have made the road impassable at several points. But every time the road is inter-

dicted the North Vietnamese, using hordes of pick-and-shovel coolie labor, quickly build bypasses (at top right, center and bottom) that loop around the ruined sections and keep the road open. In many places they have transformed the old Ho Chi Minh Trail into a two- and three-lane dirt highway.



A well-spaced North Vietnamese convoy of 13 trucks was spotted as it rolled down the Ho Chi Minh Trail through rugged country reminiscent of the World War II Burma Road.

The MiG-17 in the North Vietnamese farmyard at top was lifted there as a safety precaution by a giant Soviet helicopter like the one at bottom, itself parked in a "safe" populated area.

An aerial photograph of a battlefield, likely during the Vietnam War. The terrain is dark and rugged, with a prominent road or path running diagonally from the top left towards the bottom right. Large plumes of white smoke or dust are visible, particularly in the center and lower right. Red lines with circular markers at the end point to specific areas: one line points to a smoke plume in the upper left, another points to a smoke plume in the upper right, and a third line points to a smoke plume in the lower center. The text is overlaid on the bottom left of the image.

Caught in the open by U.S. planes on the road to Khesanh, below the DMZ, four North Vietnamese trucks are left burning (1) as their cargoes of ammo and oil go up in smoke (2). U.S. air power blasted bare the hills around Khesanh and was credited with preventing the fall of the Marine bastion there.

**One enemy convoy that
failed to get through**

Noo, Noo, Noodle-O's



Two Sooper Noo Noodle Soups!
Every bowl has oodles and boodles of circular noodles. Spoonable, unspillable, non-skid noodles — so there's never a slip 'twixt the bowl and the lip!

Noo Chicken Noodle-O's Soup!
Tender chicken in a bright, full-flavored broth with lots of little noodles-in-the-round.

Noo Tomato-Beef Noodle-O's Soup!
A whole noo noodle treat with good ground beef in a sassy tomato soup. And a whole mob of Noodle-O's.

M'm! M'm! Good!





Remember The Sears Steel Radial Tires we put on a Chicago Taxi?

Now get this:
After 56,716 miles they're still safer
than the regular tires that come
on most new cars.



All four tires have more than 1/2 inch safe tread left.

Maybe we should repeat that.

After 56,716 miles on a Chicago taxi, these Sears Steel Radial Tires are still safer than the brand-new tires that come on most new cars.

That's quite a statement.

This is quite a tire.

Take a look at that picture. After a normal set of tires would have been long gone to the happy dumping grounds, these tires still have 55 per cent of their safe tread life left.

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All those miles. All those quick-starts and quick-stops and racing for the airport, and these tires lost only about 1/2" of tread each.

That's incredible. After all that wear and tear, they're still safer than the tires you're

likely to get on the next new car you buy.

Safer? What do we mean by safer?

When ordinary tires are worn out, The Sears Steel Radial is just getting its second wind. It still has more cut-resistance, and blowout-resistance than regular new tires that come with most new cars.

And Sears, Roebuck and Co. modestly backs its Steel Radial with a 40,000 mile guarantee.

One look at our little taxi test proves that 40,000 miles is kid's stuff. These tires might last longer than you'll keep your car.

And that's what The Steel Radial Tire means by safety.

The inside story

It has rayon cords that run straight down the sidewalls and across the tread. While two continuous bands of steel run the other way around the tire.

That way there's more flexibility in the sidewalls. More rigidity in the tread.

The tire keeps its tread flat on the road, for a longer foot print than ordinary tires. About the difference between a size 9 and a size 11 shoe.

That means increased traction for greater steering control, safer cornering, better braking. Even in rotten weather. Even in rain and steel.

And because the tread doesn't squirm where it meets the road, there's less rolling resistance. This turns loose more available horsepower.

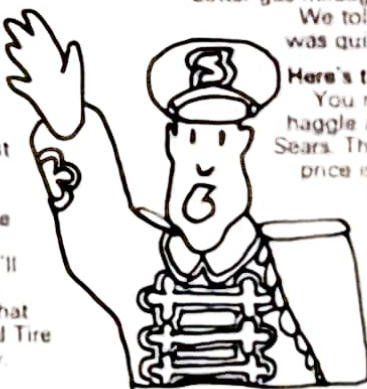
For as much as 10 per cent better gas mileage.

We told you this was quite a tire.

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All New The Sears Steel Radial Tire.

Depending on your tire size, The Steel Radial Tire sells for \$45.08 to \$54.32. Federal Excise Tax included.

Any way you figure it, that's a bargain. It will probably outlast 3 ordinary tires.

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The tire so tough not even 56,716 miles could wear it out.

The tire so safe it should be on your car right now.

...

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Sears guarantees The Sears Steel Radial Tire when used with Sears Radial Tubes on passenger cars or station wagons.

If tread wears off or if low fails from road hazards before 40,000 miles, we will at our option exchange it for a new tire or give you a refund, whichever is better, only for mileage received.

If low fails from defects during the life of the original tread, we will exchange it for a new tire charging only for tread worn.

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Air cavalry commanders brief a thoughtful Gavin (center) on operations in II Corps area during his trip to Vietnam last November

"We have fought bravely but victory in Vietnam is nowhere in sight. Now, with the President's proposal, Hanoi can only see things as going its way." Most military professionals have been soundly behind Administration policy in Vietnam. Lt. General James Maurice Gavin, U.S.A. (Ret.)—military hero, strategist, diplomat and businessman—very notably has not. His tough and realistic proposals, given extra weight by his foresight in opposing involve-

ment in Southeast Asia as early as 1954, have today achieved wide acceptance. In a recently published book called *Crisis Now*, Gavin goes a step further against establishment thinking, arguing that serious as Vietnam is, our domestic ills are even more threatening. And the Administration's response here, he says, is as ineffective as in Vietnam. Its solutions "could be called comedy if it were not likely to lead to tragedy for all of us."

A Three-Star Dissenter

A standout from West Point to Sicily



At West Point, 1929



With Lyndon Johnson, 1958



With De Gaulle in Paris, 1961



In each phase of his career, James Gavin has been outstanding. A grade school dropout, he later crammed his way into West Point. As commander of the first parachute combat team, he proved the feasibility of airborne warfare by leading

an assault on Sicily in 1943 (above, he dons parachute equipment). During his years in the Pentagon, as chief of Army research, he advocated preparation for limited wars. In 1961 John F. Kennedy appointed him ambassador to France.

If you're a rosy,
plump tomato, Hunt's Catsup
has an opening for you.



His determination is 'to initiate a new order of things'

by GILBERT D. MOORE

Begin a conversation with James Gavin on his favorite subject—change—and he is apt to quote ruefully a realist named Machiavelli: "There is nothing more difficult to carry out nor more doubtful of success, nor more dangerous to handle, than to initiate a new order of things."

Gavin, no less than the Florentine, should know. But the difficulty and danger have never stopped him from trying. Take, for example, Vietnam. Two years ago, he put forth a strategy suggestion that came to be known as the "enclave theory." It recommended that the U.S. seek to maintain a limited number of "enclaves" situated along the coast—Da nang, Camranh Bay and others—where great logistical complexes were already being established. Democracy could be encouraged in the areas surrounding these enclaves and greater efforts made to upgrade the combat performance of the South Vietnamese army. The bombing of North Vietnam would be stopped, as counter-

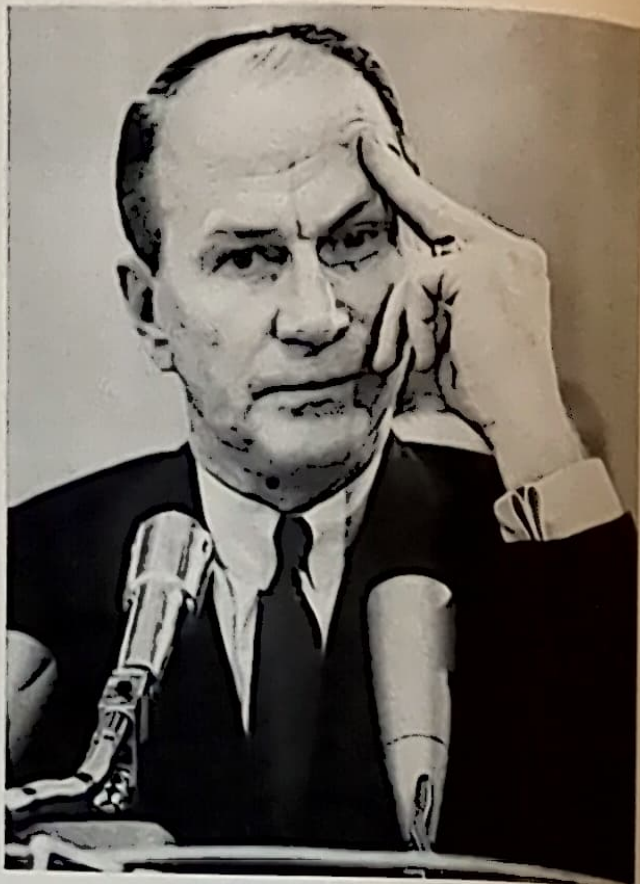
productive. At the same time, using our absolute control of the enclaves as a bargaining counter, we could begin negotiations toward the prime objective—the end of the war.

Gavin's suggestion aroused controversy but fell on infertile soil. The war was not yet going badly enough; fewer than 200,000 U.S. troops had been committed, the bombing of North Vietnam, under way for a year, still seemed to be having the desired effect.

Things changed in Vietnam and public opinion in the U.S. changed right along with them. Demands for de-escalation not only grew louder, but more and more coincided with Gavin's proposals.

Being proved right is nothing new for James Gavin. To see him now so finely tailored—silken tie matching double-vent glen plaid, silken handkerchief matching silken tie, tab-collar shirt matching everything—it is hard to imagine him as a much-tried veteran of real wars and of wars of principle. Now a decade into retirement from the

CONTINUED



During testimony before Senate Foreign Relations Committee last year, Gavin (above) ponders a question. He spoke on the war in Vietnam and on the need

for realigning NATO. Below, the amateur painter unveils a still life to loud laughter from his wife Jean and filial forbearance from all of his five daughters.





From the Bulova Gunsmith Collection. 14K gold. 35 jewels. Serial number: 1150. Bulova of New York, Inc., New York, Toronto, Boston, London, Frankfurt, Hong Kong. ©1990

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CONTINUED

Army and from that special madness required to trust a parachute, he is as trim as a man can be and still be 61. On his record are laurels enough for any man to rest upon: at 37 the youngest officer to command an Army division since the Civil War; leader of three parachute assaults in World War II, including the airborne invasion of Normandy; recipient of nearly every military honor his own and other governments could bestow; ambassador to France 1961-62.

No one would blame the general had he chosen to withdraw from public affairs; as board chairman of the prosperous Cambridge, Mass. industrial research corporation Arthur D. Little, Inc., he might have done so very comfortably. He owns a handsomely remodeled 11-room town house on Beacon Hill resplendent with French antiques and five beautiful women—his wife Jean and four of five daughters—and has an attic set aside for a studio, where he paints an occasional landscape. But Gavin's principal



At Arthur D. Little, Inc., Gavin and Dr. Charles Kensler inspect an experimental monkey.

occupation, no less now than before, is preaching the need for change.

This predilection can be traced back nearly 30 years. In 1942, as a major, he was assigned to the staff school at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. Airborne warfare was then in its infancy. Practical instruction consisted of map exercises in

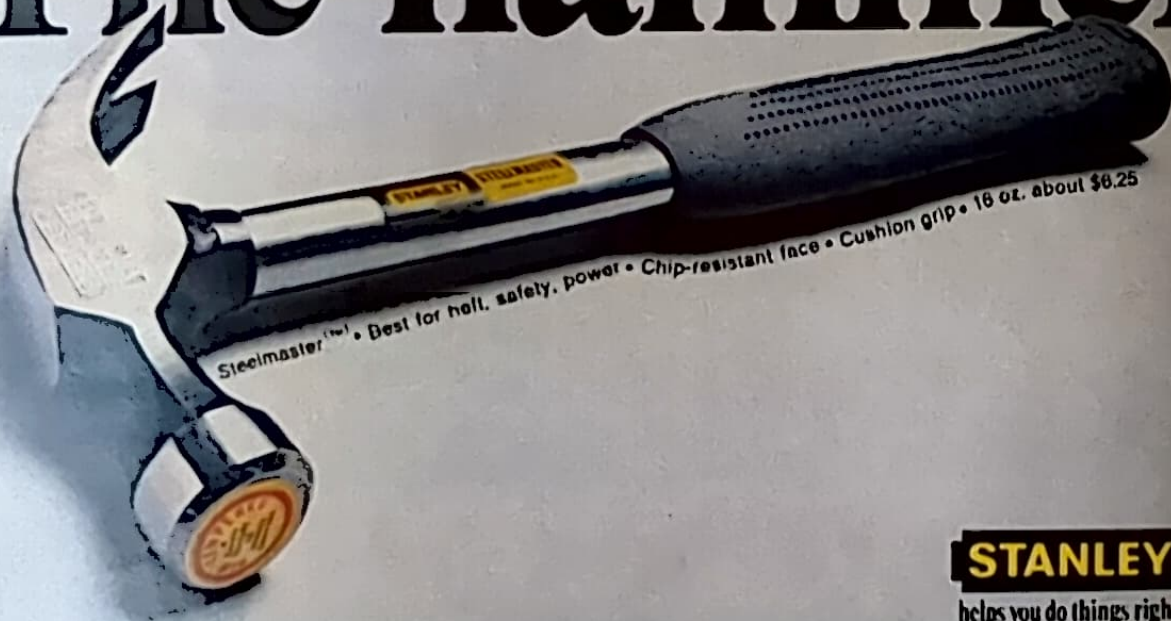
which a platoon would parachute onto the roof of the Kansas City First National Bank. Gavin had the temerity to suggest the idea of a parachute division. His colleagues and higher command alike dismissed the notion as absurd. "In the first place," he recalls, "there was no such thing in existence or contemplated. The

problems of equipment, training and control both in the air and on the ground had not even been considered. And even if it could be done, it would require 25 airfields to get airborne, and this was too fantastic even to think about." A year later in Sicily, on July 9, 1943, he conclusively demonstrated that the "fantastic" was practical under heavy fire as commander of the 505th Parachute Combat Team. His book *Airborne Warfare*, published in 1947, is now the standard text on the subject.

Gavin's next major confrontation with entrenched ideas took place in 1955. Appointed Chief of Army Research and Development and a three-star general, he tangled with the Eisenhower administration on what he considered a critical downgrading of conventional military forces in favor of too great dependence on massive nuclear weapons. He also believed that the Russians need not have beat us into space with Sputnik if we had only worked out the right priorities,

CONTINUED

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MARINE PRODUCTS



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'The Vietnamese would have been better off if we had never gone in'

CONTINUED

and went on to urge the development of such unthought-of devices as reconnaissance satellites and antiballistic missiles. Blocked and baffled, he finally decided to retire. The onetime buck private was offered a fourth star. He turned it down, saying, "I'm getting out because I feel I can do more for our country's defense effort out of uniform than in." One congressman who tried and failed to get him to reconsider was the senior senator from Texas, Lyndon Johnson.

Once out of uniform, Gavin promptly spoke his mind in a book called *War and Peace in the Space Age* (1958). It showed among other things his perception of the nature and importance of limited war—and of Vietnam: "Korea and Indochina after the French collapse at Dienbienphu had one fundamental characteristic in common, one challenge we must

learn to meet if we expect to survive. They were limited wars, in a limited area . . . If in the past 10 years we had spent even a small part of what we had spent in readying our forces for a one-strategy general war developing and procuring the means of dealing with a limited war, we could have settled Korea and Dienbienphu quickly in our favor. Tactical nuclear missiles, sky cavalry and increased assault airlift . . . as long as we neglect such developments, we will be incapable of dealing with limited wars, and we will continue to be nibbled to death."

The general is satisfied that these developments, so passionately urged 10 years ago, are being used in Vietnam today. Yet the nibbling goes on, because other factors are being ignored. "This war was going to be won or lost in the hamlets," he observes. "Sure we kept saying that, but I don't

see that we conduct ourselves as though we really believe it. The Tet offensive proved that the war for the hamlets is virtually over—and that the Communists won it."

Because of his current stand on Vietnam, Gavin is commonly consigned to the dove-cote. He doesn't really belong there. His differences with the Administration center on tactics. Occasionally the issue of the war's morality, or lack of it, creeps in, but only incidentally. Thus he opposes the bombing of North Vietnam not primarily because civilians are being killed but because it has not been effective in stemming infiltration into South Vietnam and has moreover served to stiffen Hanoi's will to resist. This is clearly the reasoning not of a bona fide dove but of an accomplished military thinker.

His opinions are the fruit of firsthand observation, although he found his last trip to Vietnam—in November 1967—less

than satisfactory. Before the trip, his third, he exchanged a series of letters discussing itinerary with his host and old friend, U.S. Vietnam Commander General William Westmoreland. From first to last, the letters were a diplomatic fencing match, with "Jim" sure of what he did and did not want to see, and "Westy" equally sure of what he should and should not be shown. Trapped by protocol, an old friendship and the straitjacket of military cordiality, Gavin never quite saw enough for a thorough assessment. But what he did see confirmed earlier impressions.

"The awesomeness of the American buildup is staggering. The dollars, the tanks, the airstrips, the scarred hillsides are all altering the whole fabric of Vietnamese society. They would have been better off if we had never gone in. So would we. The big mistakes are being made in Washington, however, and not in the field."

So far as Gavin is concerned, plenty of other mistakes are being made in Washington, too. *Crisis Now* argues that our troubles in Asia are only part of a global strategic situation in

CONTINUED



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'Prayers and billy clubs won't cure domestic ills'

CONTINUED

which the U.S. is at an increasing disadvantage. The domestic problems of urban decay and racial inequality are even more serious. Yet in his opinion they are being neglected.

For example, he deplores the President's response to last summer's riots. "The reaction . . . has been to call the rioters 'un-American.' . . . The President also called for respect for law and order, urged people to pray for an end to riots and requested Congress to pass a gun-control bill. His special commission has recommended better training and integration for the National Guard. Faced with America's worst racial crisis since the Civil War, the Administration responds with these 'solutions.' Surely they cannot believe that prayers, name-calling, billy clubs and gun control are answers to the urban revolution."

Gavin has the rational outrage of a man who knows there must be a better way. Among his suggestions is an idea for a marshaling of scientific talent to deal with the problems of improving the urban environment and economy, modeled after the Manhattan Project which created the first atomic bomb. But another note sounds distinctly through *Crisis Now* too—that of politics. Gavin at 61 is

more conscious of politics than ever, because to "initiate the new order of things" a President must make the crucial decisions.

For a short time, it seemed that the general himself might be a contender. Last August, deciding that he could no longer support President Johnson for reelection, Gavin resigned from the elite Massachusetts Democratic Advisory Council and began consulting with G.O.P. leaders like former President Eisenhower. Oregon's Senator Mark Hatfield and former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton. At the same time an independent Citizens' Committee to Draft Gavin for President sprang up and quickly mobilized 20,000 Gavin citizens. The committee subsequently closed up shop. As the general puts it, "I guess they just ran out of gas."

Ever the realist, Gavin was hardly distressed. Before the New Hampshire primary and the short-lived flurry of interest in his own candidacy, he had picked Nelson Rockefeller as his favorite "alternative" to Lyndon Johnson. Rockefeller's sudden decision not to run left the general bitterly disappointed—and left him, once again, to fight his battles alone.

Businessman Gavin hears members of a community group seeking private investment for a ghetto area of Boston.



Fashions, Bill Blass...

Trimline® phone, your Bell Telephone business office.



The Continen

The most authoritatively styled, decisively individual motorcar of this g



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eneration. From the Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company.



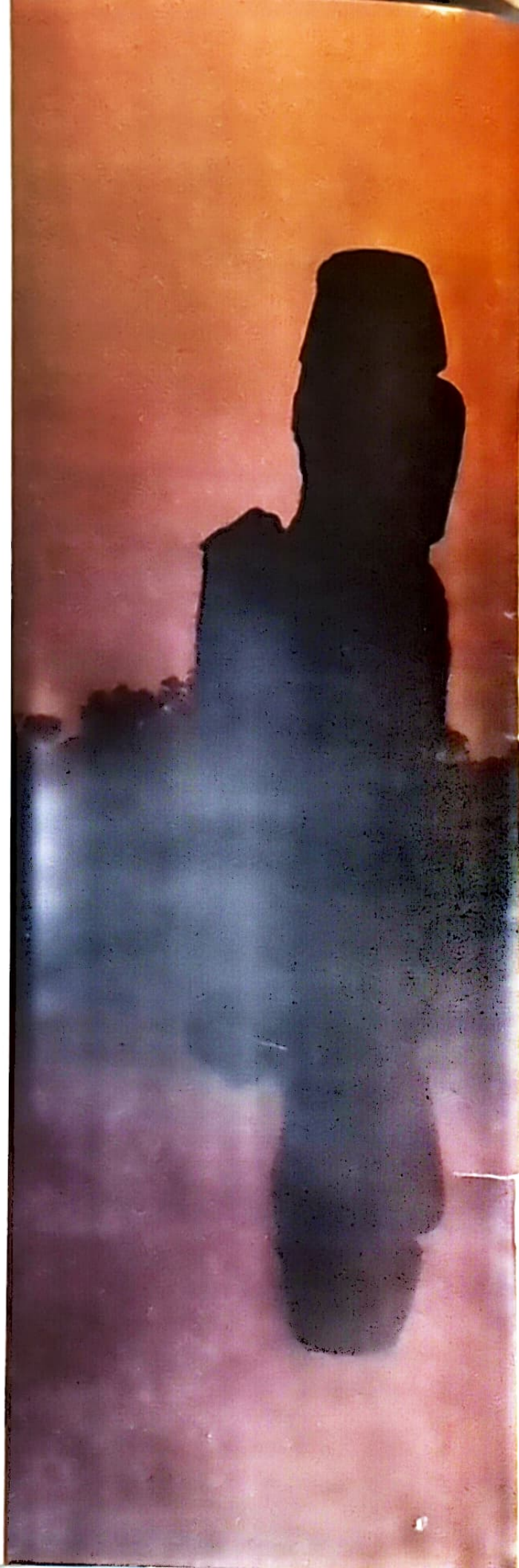
Divine order radiating from Kings and Gods

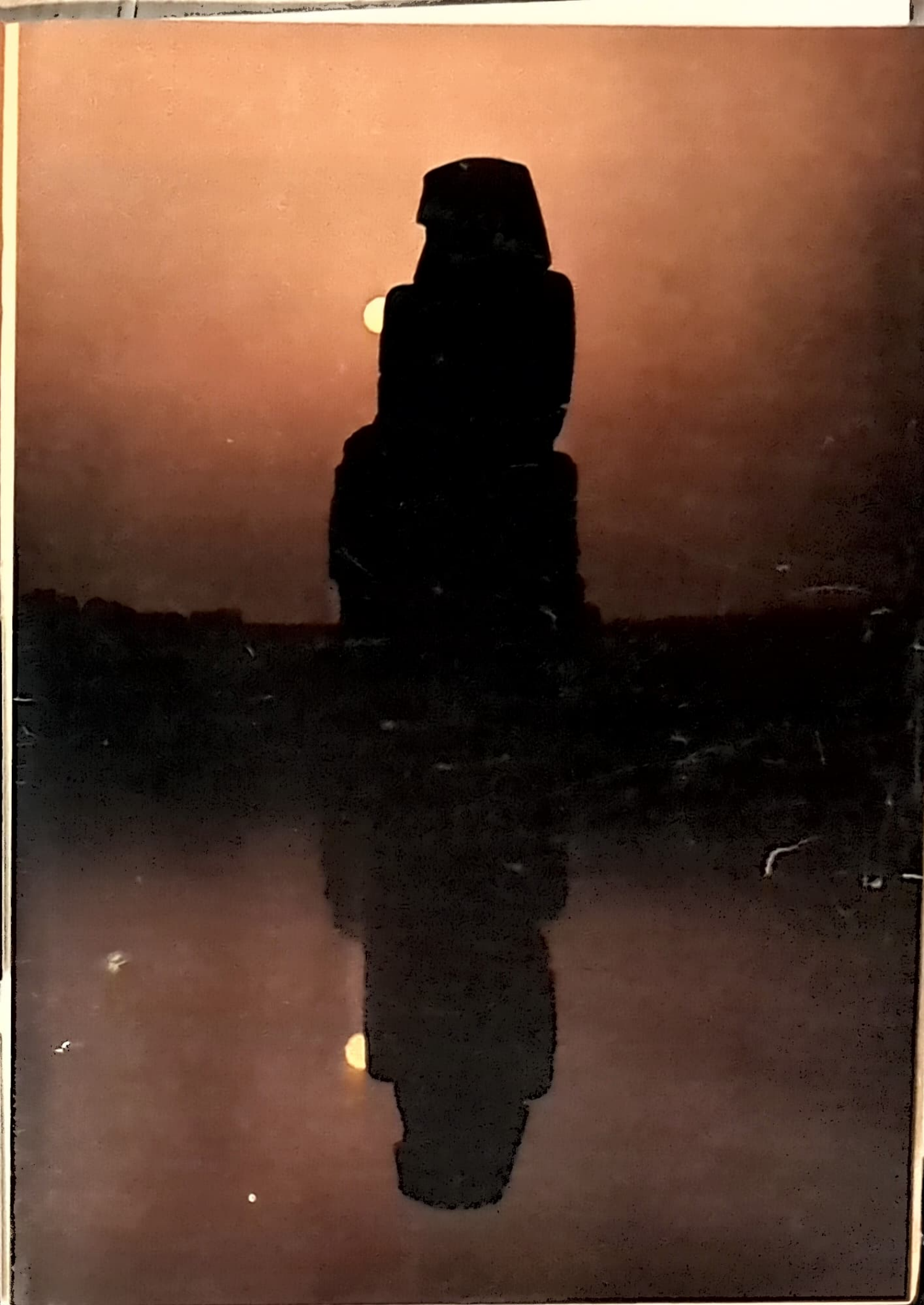
The ancient Egyptian moved under the constant surveillance of the gods. Even as he took his pleasures with a carefree heart (as shown last week in LIT's first essay in this series), he was aware of the divine powers who swayed and supported him at all times. His state of harmony with the gods upheld the Egyptian's confidence in a stable, unchanging world and gave him the security to enjoy it.

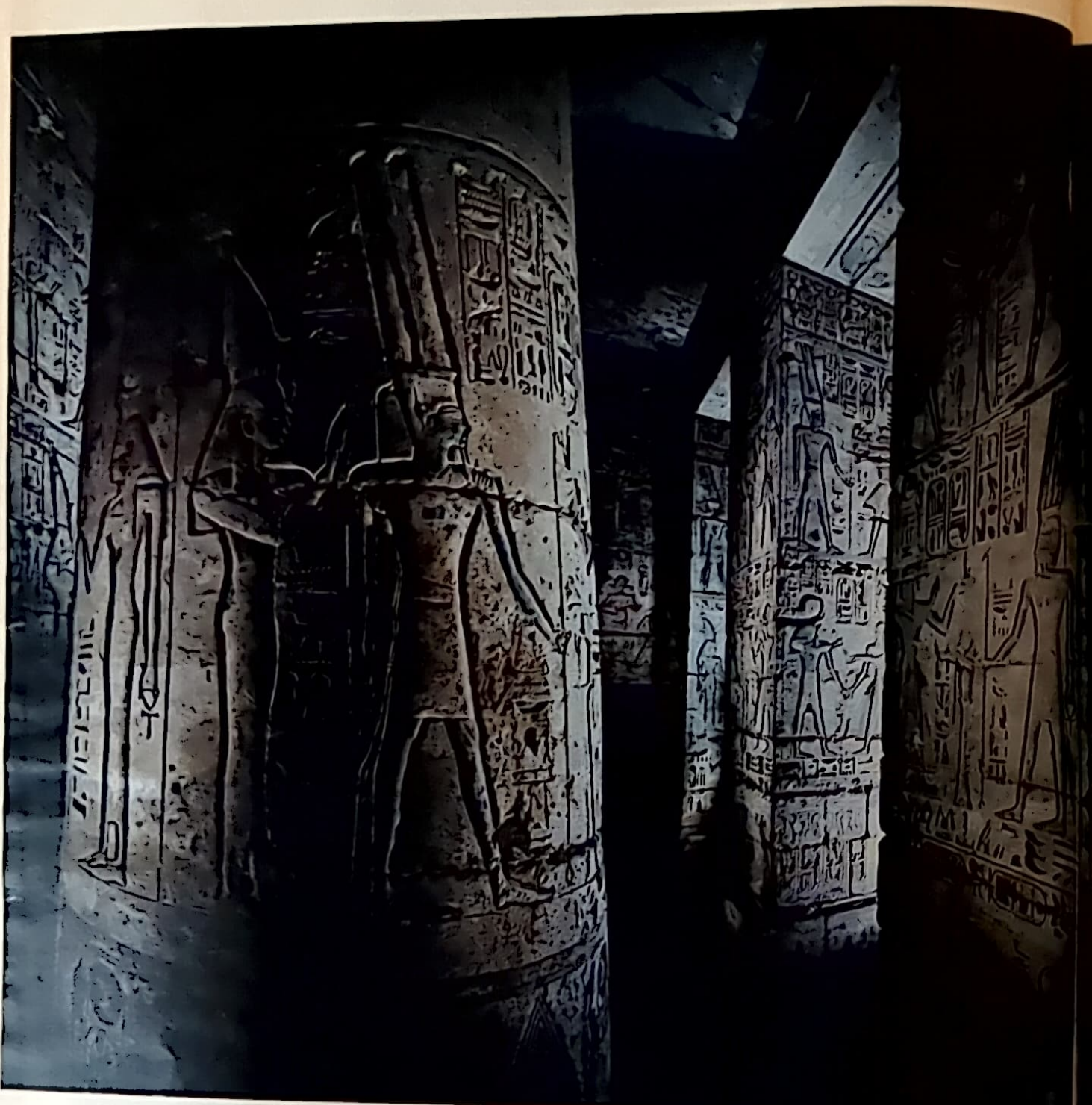
The gods were a diversified lot. Among them were deities pertaining to sun, sky, earth and water. There were gods of fertility, gods of the underworld and local gods. Sometimes two gods merged, each taking on attributes of the other. Along with gods in heaven there was a god on earth: the pharaoh, born—it was claimed—of a mother who had bedded with a deity.

The majesty of a god-king is embodied in these damaged statues of Amunhotep III, standing in the Nile Valley at Thebes, now Luxor, where they once guarded the king's mortuary temple, destroyed centuries ago. Here they are shown in Brian Brake's camera magic that, with mirror and lens, simulates the way this region looked during the annual flooding of the Nile. In Roman times these two figures were mistaken for statues of Memnon, a Trojan War hero, and became renowned as the Colossi of Memnon. The one at right used to emit a weird moan that was believed to be Memnon's voice. It was presumably caused by air escaping from a fissure in the stones. After the Romans repaired the statue, Memnon spoke no more.

Photographed by BRIAN BRAKE







Mortuary temple of

A god-king needed three kinds of headquarters: a tomb for eternity, a mortuary temple where suitable offerings could be made, and palaces for earthly comforts. To provide for these needs, Egyptian architecture rose to heights of magnificence and permanence.

One of the best-preserved temples was built around 1180 B.C. for Ramses III at Medinet Habu, across the river from ancient Thebes. With its 25-foot walls, it still looks solid enough to justify its name, House of Millions of Years. In the tradition of mortuary

temples, it was a place where the king, represented by a consecrated statue, was attended by a company of priests. Every morning the statue was greeted, washed,

dressed, garlanded with flowers. Setting food before the statue, the priests waited until the god-king had consumed it spiritually, and then benefited by it themselves.

A temple where priests



Ramses III Thebes

The temple, though built for an individual pharaoh, was a place where many gods were depicted. The picture above shows a courtyard with reliefs devoted to wor-

ship of the Theban universal god, Amun-Re, crowned with towering plumes. On the round pillar at left stand Amun-Re and his wife Mut. On the central square pillar,

Ramses III pays respects to Shu, the atmosphere, and the jackal-headed god Wapuet, the opener of roads. At far right, Ramses III, wearing a war helmet, again makes offering to Amun-Re. Altogether, the walls present a surprising variety of reliefs—religious festivals,

battles on land and sea, hunting scenes, prisonery of war and views of the king chucking girls under the chin. Attached to his temple is a palace that Ramses shared with his queen and his harem. Here he sometimes held court and greeted his subjects from a high window.

tended a pharaoh's soul

Confident and forceful, alert and omniscient-looking, yet curiously impenetrable and remote—as if they belonged to a sphere beyond mortality and time—the portraits of the pharaohs show how the ancient Egyptians visualized their god-kings. Earthly immediacy and godly transcendence have seldom been so closely blended.

These 11 regal images long ago left their sacred precincts and found their way into museums where they were photographed separately and then assembled here. They look as if they are all life-size or over. But four of them—Senusert, Amunhotep, Akhenaton and Tutankhamun—are statuettes (Amunhotep

is a mere seven inches tall), showing the Egyptian sculptor's special gift for making something small seem monumental.

All of them share the formal demeanor considered fitting for a pharaoh. This hardly changed through the years, although Menkaure (right) at the start of the series and Ramses II (left) at the

end of it are twelve centuries apart. What differences there are owe much to the contrasting eras of it of the three great eras of Egyptian history (see chart on page) in which the statues were made—the massive assurance of the Old Kingdom (Menkaure Pepi), the somber intensity of the Middle Kingdom (Mentuhotep

Ramses II 1304-1237

Tutankhamun 1361-1352

Akhenaton 1379-1362

Amunhotep III 1417-1379



The long line of kings
who were gods upon earth

Thirty Centuries of Greatness

The stately passage of 30 well-recorded centuries of Egypt's history is shown in the time chart on these pages. It spans the millennia between 3100 B.C., when Egypt first emerged as a united land, and 30 B.C., when it sank into the folds of the Roman Empire.

The left-hand column lists major periods, and a summary of each period is given in the illustrated panel on the right. The second column from the left ticks off the passing centuries. The third column lists the 30 dynasties of Egypt's kings—a dynasty consisted generally

of a series of rulers all belonging to the same family. The catalogue of dynasties shown here was drawn up in ancient times by an Egyptian priest named Manetho who was not always consistent. Sometimes a single family unaccountably spans two dynasties. At other times a kingly clan would fall, but the dynasty would go on under new rulers. Whenever Egypt split into separate states, as it did during three different periods of its history, Manetho listed rival dynasties ruling simultaneously—for instance Dynasties XXIV and

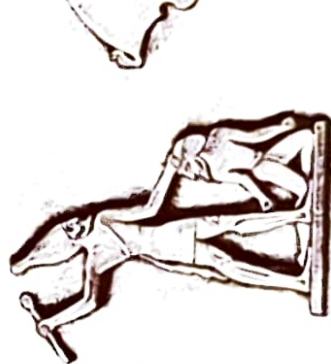
XXV. But modern scholars, out of habit and convenience, still use Manetho's list as the basis of their chronology.

This same column also lists some of the important individual rulers. The Egyptian form of their names is given, but in a few cases the more familiar Greek and Hebrew versions are added in parentheses.

Even when reduced to a simple timetable, the sweep of Egypt's ancient history is immense. Egyptian civilization was mature and sophisticated, and had been for centuries, in

the times of Moses and of Homer—figures that strike us today as immeasurably remote and shrouded by mists of legend. Still more surprising is the stable pattern of Egypt's past. History is often thought of either as a chronicle of steady progress, or else as a tragic drama consisting of a gradual rise and then a momentary peak, followed by decline and an apocalyptic fall. But Egypt shot to a peak—in the Old Kingdom—almost at the moment of its birth, and stayed there, despite political interruptions, for most of its amazing career.

PERIODS	BC	DYNASTIES
Early Dynastic Period 3100-2686	3100	DYNASTY I 3100-2890 Narmer (Menes)
	3000	
	2900	DYNASTY II 2890-2686
	2800	
	2700	
	2600	DYNASTY III 2686-2613 Djoser
		DYNASTY IV 2613-2494 Khufu (Cheops) Khafre (Chephren) Menkaure (Mycerinus)
	2500	DYNASTY V 2494-2345



Egypt's roots go back 10,000 years or more to the time when the retreat of the European ice cap was turning northern Africa and much of the Middle East into a scorched desert and settlers from both areas converged on the Nile. There the nomads settled down to agriculture and village life. Need for irrigation promoted communal effort and political unity: villages coalesced into districts, districts into two natural regions, Lower Egypt's broad Delta and Upper Egypt's narrow green corridor along

the Nile. Around 3100 B.C. a ruler of Upper Egypt, Narmer (top left), familiarly known as Menes, conquered Lower Egypt and unified the country. This merger was symbolized by combining (above) the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt into a double crown, right, and also (as shown at left) by the hieroglyph "reed leaf" (king of Upper Egypt) and "bee" (king of Lower Egypt) in the royal title.

Early pharaohs, in consolidating their power, made their divinity the central doctrine of the new nation.

In the Third Dynasty Egypt raised the curtain on its first great age, the Old Kingdom. A classic language evolved, expressed in hieroglyphs. Monumental architecture advanced with spectacular assurance from Djoser's step pyramid (above right) to the Fourth Dynasty's famous pyramids





nasty the might of the pharaohs was challenged by the rising power of the priesthood of the sun-god Re, whose symbol, a disk, is shown above, held by a beetle. The nobles became so numerous and independent that after the 94-year reign of Pepi II, the longest reign on record, the Old Kingdom finally dissolved into squabbling semifeudal baronies.

which, along with the Sphinx, are the most impressive monuments of the age. Egypt in the great Fourth Dynasty was rich, stable and secure. Caravans brought gold from Nubia, copper and turquoise from Sinai, and wood by ship from the Lebanon. Everything centered on the remote and majestic god-kings. They were worshiped and loyally served, in life and the hereafter, by officials who planted their tombs subversively close to the royal pyramids. With the fifth Dy-

Unas
DYNASTY VI 2345-2181
Pepi I
Pepi II

2400
2300
2200

Old Kingdom
2686-2181

warring nobles. Yet the thread of cultural life remained unbroken: the First Intermediate Period produced some of ancient Egypt's finest literature.

The fall of the Old Kingdom brought on more than a century of almost uninterrupted anarchy and civil war. Royal prerogatives were usurped by

An aggressive Theban clan reunited the land and launched Egypt into the Middle Kingdom. The pharaohs now posed as "good shepherds" of the war-weary country by promoting trade and irrigating thousands of fresh acres. Art, although lacking the timelessness of the Old Kingdom's, reached, especially in sculpture, a

DYNASTY VII 2101-2173
DYNASTY VIII 2173-2160
DYNASTY IX 2160-2130
DYNASTY X 2130-2040
DYNASTY XI 2133-1991
Mentuhotep II
DYNASTY XII 1991-1786
Amenemhet I
Senusert III
Amenemhet III

2100
2000
1900
1800

First Intermediate Period
2181-2040
Middle Kingdom
2133-1786

sensitivity and delicacy never surpassed. Osiris, lord of the afterworld and of immortality, began to loom larger among the gods. He is shown left as a mummy supporting a stand of grain (symbolizing rebirth) which is being watered by a worshiper.

The Middle Kingdom came to a sudden end, for reasons that are still a mystery. There was a rapid turnover of kings, and the state again slipped into anarchy. At the same time, the Hyksos, a congeries of Asiatic peoples who had long been infiltrating Egypt, imposed their rule over the

DYNASTY XIII 1786-1633
DYNASTY XIV 1786-1603
Hyksos
DYNASTY XV 1674-1567
DYNASTY XVI 1684-1567
DYNASTY XVII 1650-1567

DYNASTY XVIII 1567-1320
Ahmose I
Hatshepsut
Thutmose III
Amenhotep III
Akhenaton
Tutankhamun
Haremhab

1700
1600
1500
1400
1300
1200

Second Intermediate Period
1786-1567
New Kingdom
1567-1085



Delta. Establishing a dynasty, they claimed—and for a few decades dominated—all of Egypt. But in Thebes, a resurgent native dynasty (XVII), adopting Asiatic weapons like the horse and chariot (right), launched a war of national liberation and, triumphing, ushered in the New Kingdom.

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1700
1600
1500
1400
1300
1200

Second Intermediate Period
1786-1567
New Kingdom
1567-1085

The humiliation of foreign rule shattered Egypt's ancient sense of secure isolation. To prevent it from happening again, New Kingdom pharaohs set out to create an empire, pushing deep into Asia. Loot and captives (left) flooding into Egypt produced an opulent cosmopolitanism that loosened ancient ways. But the new spirit inspired a golden age of architecture and painting at Luxor, Karnak, the Valley of the Kings and Abu Simbel. Much of this reflected the power of the priesthood of Amun, god of Thebes, which survived a challenge from King Akhenaton and grew rich on royal favor.

The Middle Kingdom came to a sudden end, for reasons that are still a mystery. There was a rapid turnover of kings, and the state again slipped into anarchy. At the same time, the Hyksos, a congeries of Asiatic peoples who had long been infiltrating Egypt, imposed their rule over the

DYNASTY XVIII 1567-1320
Ahmose I
Hatshepsut
Thutmose III
Amenhotep III
Akhenaton
Tutankhamun
Haremhab

DYNASTY XIX 1320-1200
Seti I
Ramses II
Merneptah

1700
1600
1500
1400
1300
1200

Second Intermediate Period
1786-1567
New Kingdom
1567-1085

DYNASTY XX 1200-1085

DYNASTY XX
Ramses III-XI

1100

DYNASTY XXI 1085-945
Herihor

1000

Libyan Kings
DYNASTY XXII 950-730
Sheshonk I (Shishak)

900

DYNASTY XXIII 817-730
DYNASTY XXIV 730-715

800

Nubian Kings
DYNASTY XXV 751-656
Psamtik I
Necho

700

DYNASTY XXVI 663-525
Psamtik I
Necho

600

First Persian Rule
DYNASTY XXVII 525-404
Cambyses
Darius II

500

DYNASTY XXVIII 404-398
DYNASTY XXIX 398-378

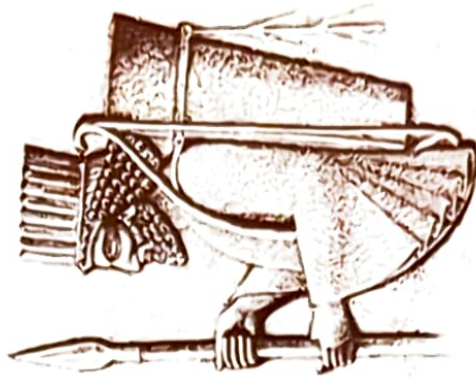
400

DYNASTY XXX 378-341
Nectanebo II

SECOND PERSIAN RULE
341-332

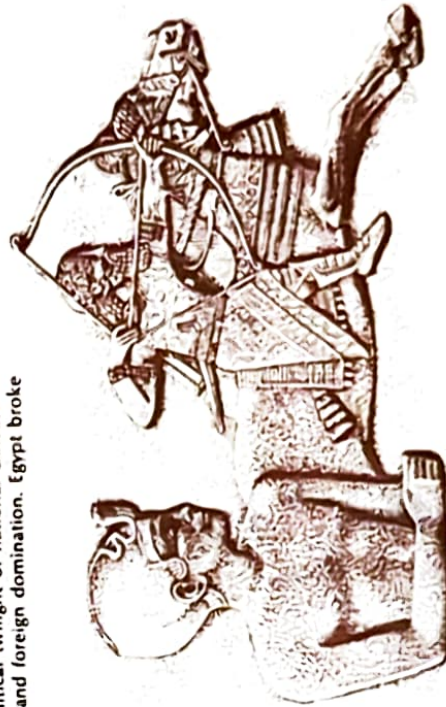
Post
Empire
1085-332

Egyptian dynasty (XXVI) arose, reunited the country, restored commerce and revived the arts, giving Egypt an Indian summer of 140 years. Then in 525 B.C., Egypt was conquered once again by Asiatics—the Persians (below right). For the next two centuries, except for an interlude of independence (XXVIII-XXX) that saw the reign of the last native pharaoh (Nectanebo II), Egypt remained a province of the vast Persian Empire.



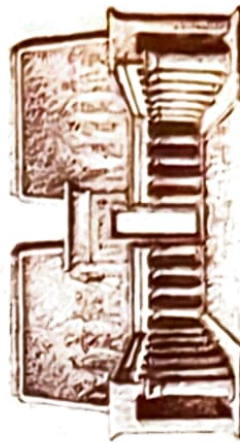
apart. Lower Egypt was ruled by a dynasty of merchant princes. In Upper Egypt the Amun priesthood openly seized power. Next came a dynasty of Libyan descent which for a time held all of Egypt. The Libyans were pushed aside in their turn by Egyptianized Nubians from far up the Nile (below left), who established their own dynasty (XXV) at Thebes.

In the Seventh Century B.C. Assyrians from Asia (below center) raided deep into Egypt, sacking its great cities. In their wake a new native



The New Kingdom finally lost its Asiatic empire to vigorous young peoples—Europeans from the north, Hebrews from the east. Mediterranean pirates, spawned by the same ethnic upheaval in the north, even harried the coast of Egypt itself. At home the royal authority and prestige were waning. Royal tombs were being robbed. The people were oppressed by corrupt officials and rapacious priests, terrorized by roving gangs of soldiers and plagued with famine.

The next 750 years were a political twilight of national exhaustion and foreign domination. Egypt broke



world; its lighthouse was one of the Seven Wonders; its library was a mecca for scholars. Many temples were built, like the one at Edfu (right). As Rome's shadow fell over Egypt, the Ptolemies lost their grip. Cleopatra, last of the line, used her wiles on Caesar and Antony. But Augustus, her implacable enemy, added Egypt in 30 B.C. to the Roman Empire.

Persia collapsed before the whirlwind campaigns of Alexander the Great. After he died in 323 B.C. his empire was divided up and Egypt fell to Ptolemy, one of his generals. Under Ptolemy's descendants Egyptians toiled to support a luxurious court and a brilliant Greek civilization. Alexandria, founded by Alexander, became a cultural capital of the ancient

Greek Rule
Alexander the Great 332-323
Ptolemy I-XII 304-51

300

Ptolemaic
Period

332-30

200

100

Cleopatra 51-30

B.C.

A.D.

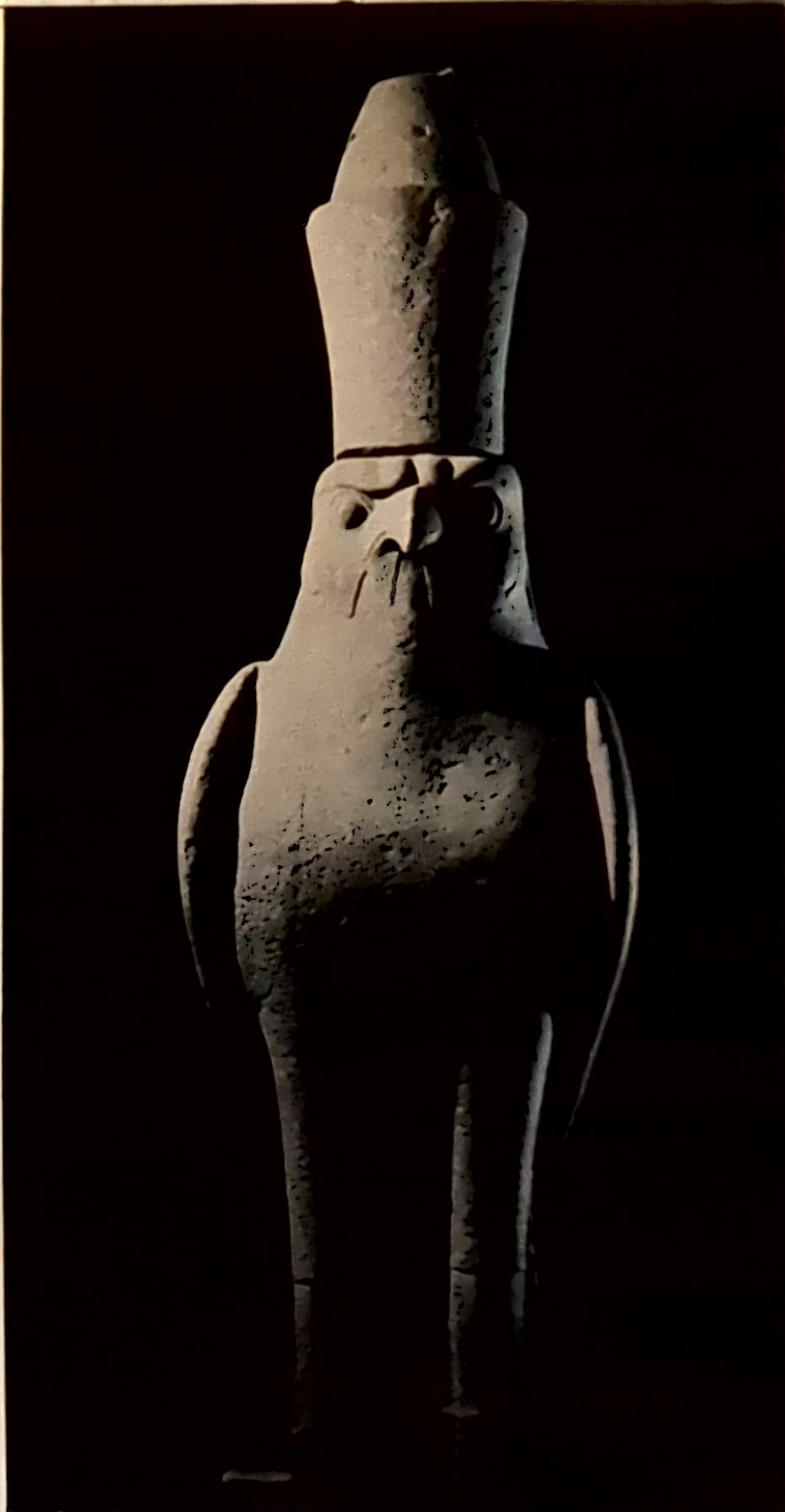




King Khafre Egyptian Museum, Cairo

Seeing the free and high-flying falcon, the early Egyptians identified him with Horus, the masterful lord of the sky. Every god-king, in turn, identified himself with Horus, and though also related to other gods, the kings all took Horus as part of their name. This interrelationship of king and god is superbly suggested in the Old Kingdom statue of King Khafre (above), with the falcon's wings protectively blending into the king's headdress. In a later aspect of his godhood, he appeared in human form. As the heroic son of Osiris, the king of the underworld, Horus avenged his father's murder.

The front and rear views of the Horus statue on these pages are from the temple of Edfu, which stands on a site of great antiquity where Horus was worshipped for over 2,000 years. Edfu belongs to a group of relatively modern temples, built or restored by the Greek Ptolemies, who ruled Egypt but did not tamper greatly with her old beliefs. This statue, which is about 11 feet high, is a triumph of simplicity, suggesting in its majestic grandeur some of the symbolic power of the American eagle.



Statue of Horus, front view Edfu

The falcon Horus, lord of the sky and ruler on earth

The Egyptian in his practical way expected his gods to help keep his world in order. Amun-Re helped kings win their wars. Hathor was the protectress of lovers. Thoth was the patron of royal scribes and ordinary bookkeepers. Even the great Ptah, one of the creators of the universe, was benefactor of artists and artisans.

In what might be termed the "official" dogma, the gods were usually aloof and impersonal. Yet in folk tales, such as *The Contendings of Horus and Set*, the gods might behave much as the deities of Homer's *Iliad*, with all the virtues and foibles of mankind. In one myth, Hathor was kept from destroying mankind by Re, who got her so drunk on beer that she couldn't see well enough to complete her mission.

The Egyptian represented his gods in many ways. Hathor, seen below in a headdress with horns, often appeared as a cow. The ibis-headed moon god Thoth wore a moon disk, but since he was associated with wisdom, he also appears as a baboon, which the Egyptians felt had a wise look.

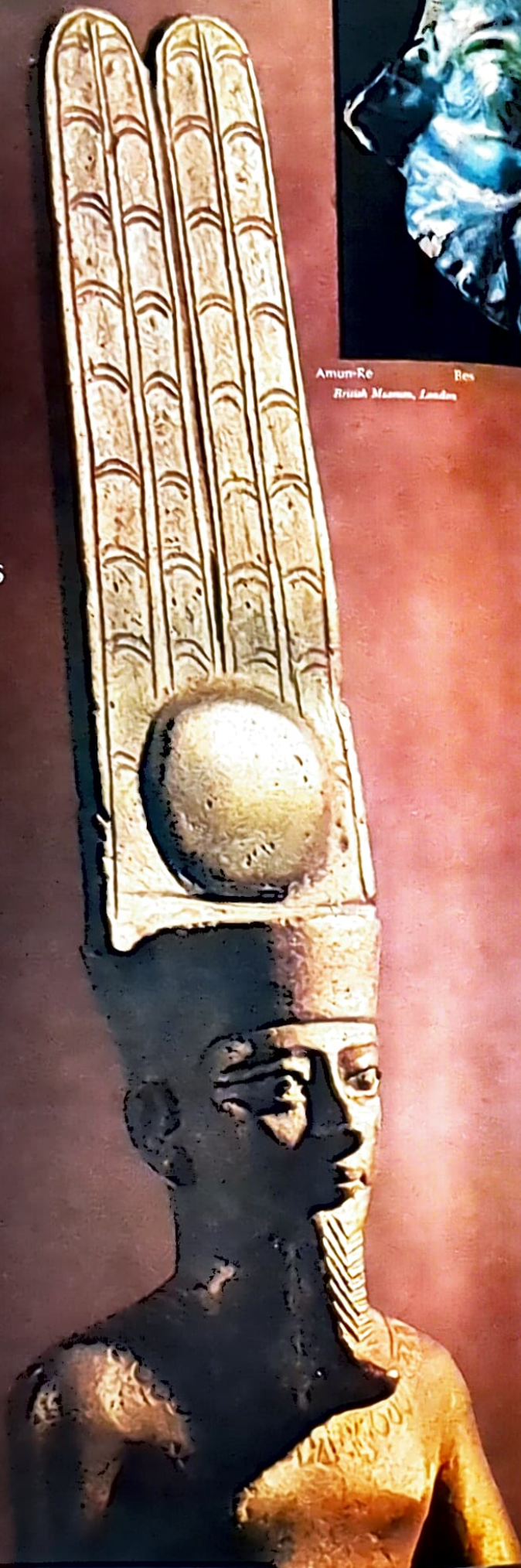
The Egyptian saw no contradiction in giving a god several forms at once. These forms were simply alternate expressions of his nature. Many important gods, however, were manifest mainly in human form. The god who dominated the New Kingdom, Amun-Re, "Lord of the Universe," usually appeared as a man wearing a plumed crown with a sun disk. The ancient god Ptah of Memphis was normally represented as a mummified human figure holding a scepter. According to one version of the creation, Ptah created the world by utterance, much as God started the world by saying, "Let there be light."

These were the important gods. But there was a flock of lesser deities, like Bes, who performed such homely, useful tasks as helping expectant mothers, chasing evil spirits and curing bites and stings.



Hathor Tomb of Nebamun, Thebes

Deities
for
all occasions
and
purposes



Amun-Re
British Museum, London





Ptah
State Museum
of Antiquities
London



Thoth
Kunsthistorisches Museum
Hannover



Osiris, sovereign of death and promise of life renewed

Although they lived in harmony with their gods, the Egyptians never felt close to them: they were forces to be respected and reckoned with, not beings to be loved. The one who came closest to being a widely popular god, especially in the New Kingdom, was Osiris, the ruler of the nether world. Because he was originally a vegetation deity, a god of growing things, he was sometimes painted green, as in the tomb decoration at right. Since he was also sovereign of the underworld, he was always pictured as a mummy carrying a crook and flail, insignia of kingship. Here, standing in a painted shrine, he is surrounded by such offerings as flowers, libation jars and animal skins, and flanked by two sacred eyes with the markings of a falcon. The hieroglyphic texts include prayers and magic incantations for the benefit of the tomb owner; they helped insure him a happy afterlife.

Osiris was a member of Egypt's first family of gods. The creator god was Atum. After him, arranged in couples, came his children Shu (air) and Tefnut (moisture); his grandchildren Geb (earth) and Nut (sky); and finally two couples: Isis and her husband Osiris; and his brother Set, who was wed to Isis' sister, Nephthys. No fixed or final version of their adventures exists—the best known today was written in Greek by Plutarch—but the Osiris story is the nearest thing to being an Egyptian epic.

Osiris succeeded Geb, the earth god, as king of the living world. His brother, Set, jealous and considering himself better qualified to be king, murdered Osiris and cast him into the Nile. Isis recovered Osiris' body, only to have persistent Set cut the corpse into 14 pieces in order to destroy him forever. Again, Isis found the pieces and fitted them back together. Temporarily reanimated by her magic, Osiris begot a posthumous son and, in the secluded marshes of Khemmis where she had fled, Isis gave birth to Horus. She nurtured him in secret until he grew strong enough to outwit and defeat his uncle Set.

A powerful goddess as well as

a good wife and mother, Isis became a heroine of old Egyptian mythology, and after the Roman conquest of Egypt found her worshippers as a deity of Imperial Rome. Even 3,000 years after her name first appeared in Egypt, temples to Isis were being built up to the Rhine and the Danube.

The statuettes at left show Isis in a madonnalike pose suckling Horus, and "Horus the Child," wearing the traditional sidelock of youth, sucking his thumb. Both of

these works, from about 500 B.C., were unearthed only last year by an expedition headed by the eminent British Egyptologist, Walter Brian Emery, and are shown here in his Sakkara workshop. Horus suffers from "bronze disease," a green incrustation from the ages which can be removed in chemical baths, and Isis is shedding her gold-leaf coating.

After Horus grew to manhood and avenged his father, he took the throne as king of the living,

and Osiris became king of the dead. Every pharaoh became a manifestation of both kings in turn: Horus in life, and Osiris at death.

For centuries this divine role-playing was the sole prerogative of the king. But as many things in Egypt became democratized, so did death, and the privilege of becoming Osiris after death eventually became the right of any man who could prove that he had lived a morally acceptable life.



OSIRIS Tomb of Sennefer, Thebes

The ancient Egyptian, seeing the sun as a mighty force that gave life to the green banks of the Nile and destroyed life on the scalding sands of the desert, endowed the sun with supreme divinity and called him Re. Every king after the Fifth Dynasty was called "Son of Re," and a whole city, Heliopolis, grew up in honor of him. He was so powerful a god that other gods, through their priest-hoods, wanted to merge with him. There was Atum-Re, a composite of creator and sun god, Amun-Re, the god of Thebes, even Sobek-Re, the crocodile god of the Fayoum oasis.

Re himself had many aspects. He was represented as a falcon, a sun disk, a divine eye, a ram, a man. When Re, the sun, rose, he was Khepri, the beetle, "who was born of himself." This notion came perhaps from watching the dung beetle, who appeared to be born out of his own dung ball. At night he was pictured as an old bent-over man, Atum-Re. By day, he sailed across the sky in a boat, accompanied by a crew of such deities as Thoth, Horus and Geb, and at sunset he transferred to a night

bark and navigated the dark underworld. His chief enemy was a water serpent, Apophis, who churned up storms and blotted out the sun.

The most controversial aspect of Re was Aton, the sun disk, who was put forward with fanatic zeal by the pharaoh Akhenaton. Aton was depicted with his rays ending in hands, as in the scene at right. Here Akhenaton and his Queen Nefertiti play with their daughters, while Aton's rays proffer the symbol of life to their noses.

A famous symbol of Re was the pyramid shape—in the gigantic pyramids at Giza (below) or the small pyramidion on the opposite page that is only 17 inches high and 19 inches across. The pyramid shape appeared atop the tall obelisks that were hewn out of granite and set in temple grounds.

The miniature pyramid at right, taken from the tomb of a Memphis priest, shows him in relief raising his arms in worship of Re, while around him is inscribed a hymn, "You shine all beautifully, lord of gods. Beautiful are the things you have done on earth."

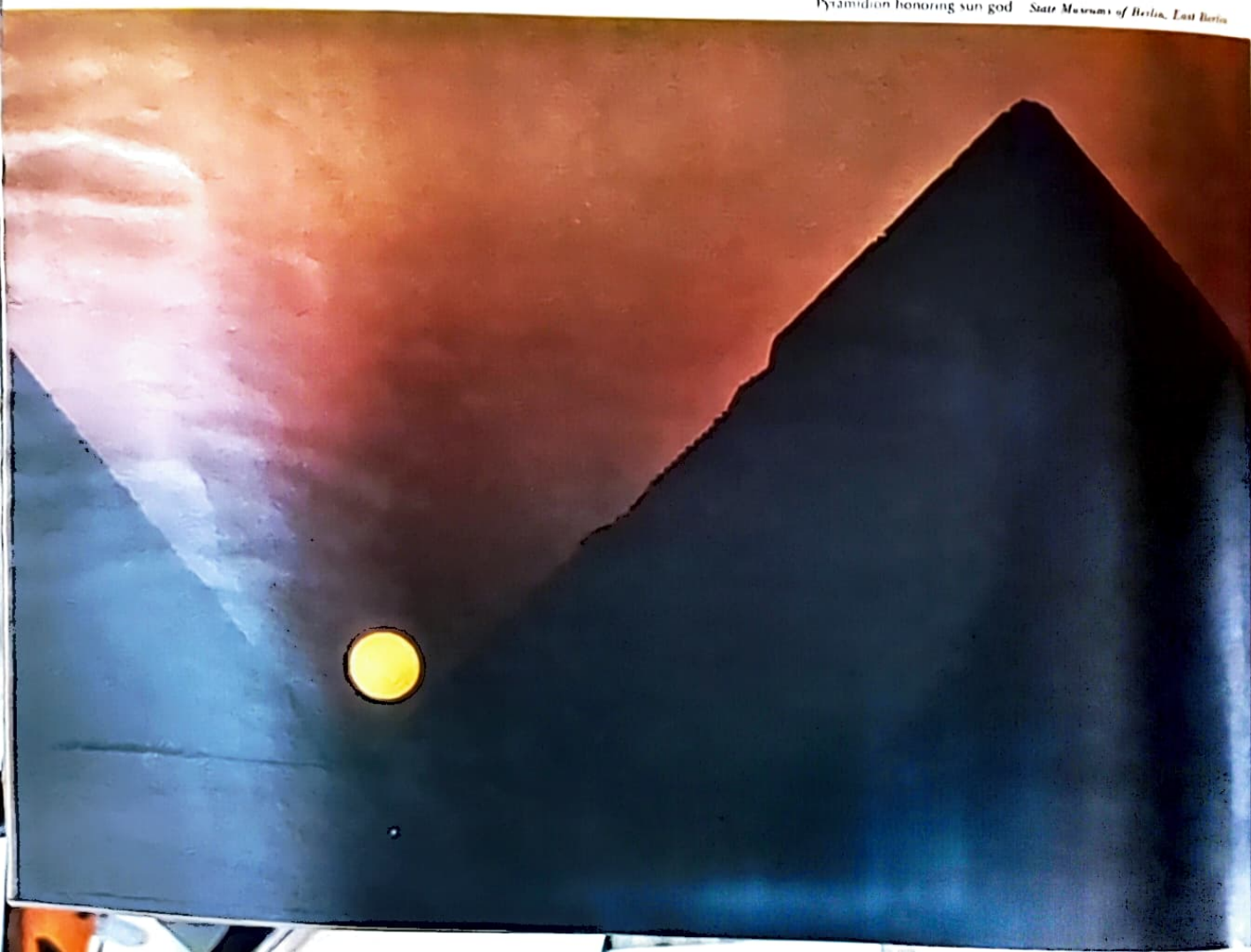


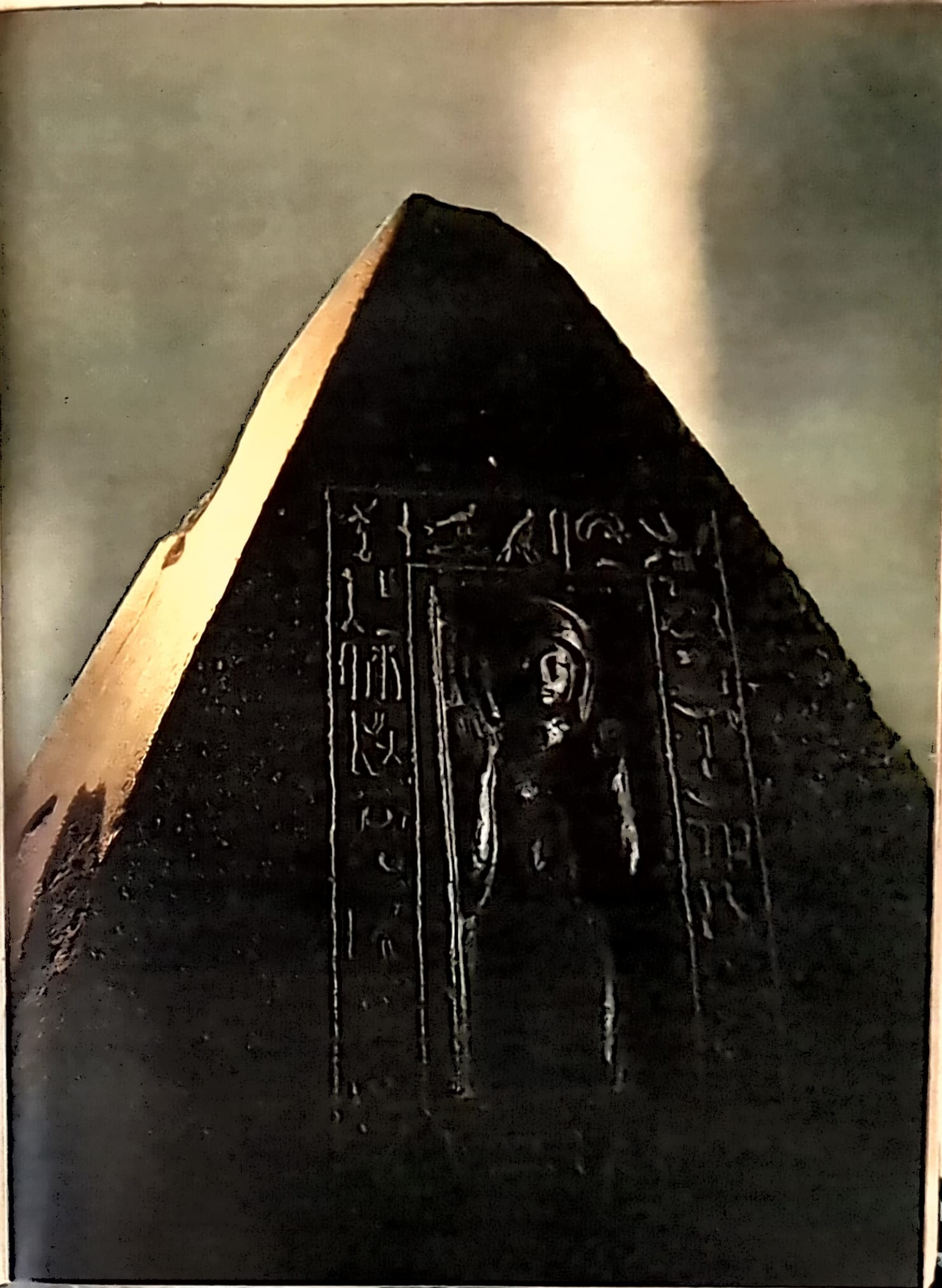
Akhenaton family and sun god Egyptian Museum, Cairo



The Great Pyramids Giza

Pyramidion honoring sun god State Museum of Berlin, East Berlin





In harmony with Ma'at, a man can strive after every excellence

Surrounded by gods and always aware of them, the average Egyptian took for granted that the world was created and permeated by divine powers. But until the later days of the New Kingdom, he knew little of personal piety, and rarely intruded on the high gods with his prayers. Temples, except for their outer courtyards, were never open to lay worshipers since only the god-king and his priests were qualified to become agents between man and immortal forces.

The average Egyptian, however, kept small shrines for such family gods as Bes, and used magic spells to ward off snakes and other nuisances. He joined in festivals where statues of gods were lifted from their dark sanctums and carried in processions. He made pilgrimages to sacred spots like Abydos, where the killing and rebirth of Osiris were acted out. By attending such ceremonies, the Egyptian felt he might win the favor and protection of the gods—and at the same time enjoy himself. At one Fifth Dynasty celebration, according to a temple record,

115 oxen were slaughtered to feed the festival-goers.

Apart from such overt excitements, Egyptian religion offered a profoundly important concept of harmony and ethical conduct. This concept was personified by the goddess Ma'at, daughter of the sun god Re, who was pictured with a plume on her head. In one of the many myths regarding the creation, Re introduced order into the universe by putting his daughter in the place of primordial chaos. The Egyptian word Ma'at means a combination of order, justice and truth that holds the world together and enables man to hold himself together.

The gods themselves lived by Ma'at; and her guiding principles were championed by the pharaoh, who felt he must administer justice on her behalf. Ma'at's influence spread all across Egypt, as attested by a popular folk tale. A peasant was robbed by a rich man who thought he was protected by high court connections. But the peasant made such a stirring plea for Ma'at that eventually the pharaoh himself intervened, ordering

that justice be done. In restitution the peasant was given all the rich man's goods.

The Egyptian attitude toward Ma'at sometimes smack of marketplace pragmatism, as when he declared "cheating diminishes Ma'at." But even as Ma'at operated as a useful ethic, it also operated as a divine principle. Ma'at expressed the Egyptian belief that the universe is unchanging and that all seeming opposites must keep themselves in perfect balance. In the words of Egyptologist Henri Frankfort, "it allows a man to strive after every excellence until there is no fault left in his nature—an harmony with the established order."

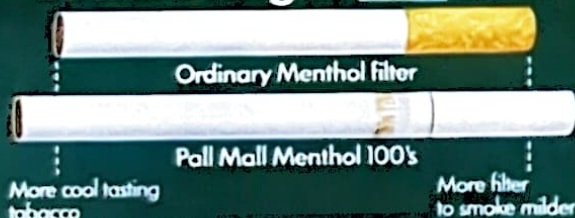
By keeping in tune with Ma'at, the Egyptian believed that the good life could be learned. A cruel and overweening pride was rated not as a sin, but as a loss of balance and an excess of self-assertion that could lead to disaster. Ma'at played her most crucial role at the end of every man's life on earth. In the netherworld, when

Osiris presided over the weighing of hearts to see if a dead man had lived virtuously enough to deserve immortality, his heart was weighed on the scale against Truth, or Ma'at's plume. Unless heart and feather balanced perfectly, the deceased lost all hope of survival and was eaten by a monster.

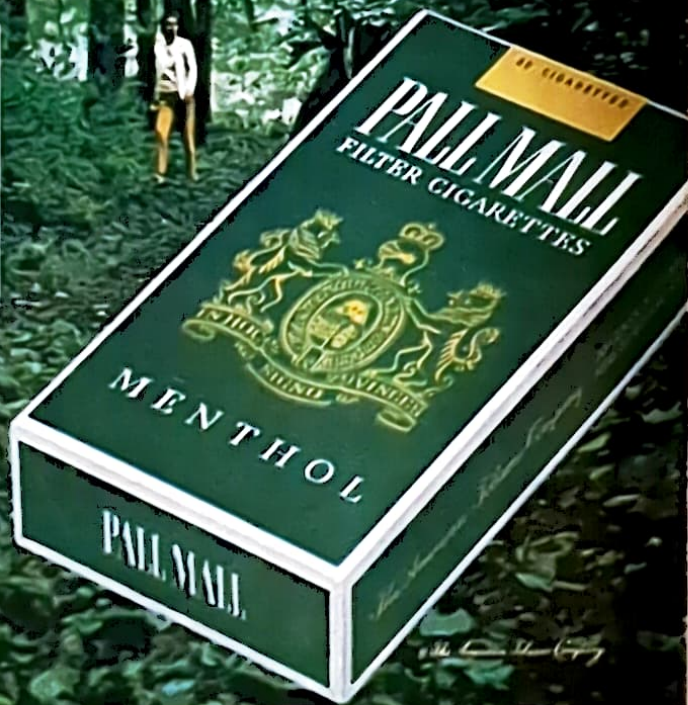
For more than 3,000 years, Egyptian religion retained a Ma'at-like equilibrium, which accommodated the waxing and waning of many local gods. Tolerant of all the shifts and shadings within their own religion, the Egyptians were equally tolerant of the gods of conquered nations. Except for one short period, when an attempt was made to install the sun god as Egypt's sole deity and demolish all her other gods, no known religious persecution of any kind occurred in Egypt. With this tradition behind her, Egypt proved to be especially fertile soil for early Christianity. Among the only "true Egyptians" living in Egypt today are the Copts, whose ancestors began to be Christianized in the First Century A.D.

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It's extra long at both ends.



Enjoy Pall Mall quality with menthol.
Puff for puff, milder than ever.





It would have been a great picture.

When she came home from the hospital
and the baby was in her arms. And she
sat on the wooden bench in the hallway
rocking the baby back and forth.
When she turned to look at me she had
tears in her eyes.

It would have been a great picture if
there had been flashbulbs on the camera.
Sylvania makes Blue Dot flashbulbs and
flashcubes that help you get great
pictures again and again and again.
So you won't end up with just
a dream, but something
you can hold in your hand and see.

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SYLVANIA LIGHTING CENTER, DANVERS, MASS. 01923

"I have a dream today . . . I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low. The rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. This is our hope . . . With this faith we shall be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day. . . ."

Martin Luther King Jr. lived by this exalted dream of freedom for his people, and he died in Memphis for daring to have it. The awful striking down of the apostle of nonviolence made still another terrible wound in the conscience of the nation. A tender and gentle man, he fought hard and endlessly for the simple recognition of human dignity, and he maintained his convictions about the ultimate reconciliation of all men in the face of dreadful pressure from both black and white. His sense of the rightness of his cause was both ennobling and prophetic. "I accept this award," he said upon receiving the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1964, "in behalf of a civil rights movement which is moving with determination and a majestic scorn for risk and danger to establish a reign of freedom and a rule of justice." His own scorn for danger led him to his death, and it could not have really surprised him. The night before he died he told a cheering crowd in Memphis, "It doesn't really matter what happens now. I've been to the mountaintop." Dr. King had always faced death with the hopeful spirit of the words of a hymn he loved: *Free at last. Free at last. Thank God almighty, we are free at last.*



**'It really doesn't
matter what
happens now**

I've been to the



mountaintop'

In Memphis, a week before he was killed, King locked arms with Ralph Abernathy (right) and Ralph Jackson during civil rights march.

Among the most famous of Dr. King's writings is the letter he wrote from Birmingham jail to white clergymen who had criticized his demonstrations. An excerpt reads:

I guess it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say "wait." But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate-filled policemen curse, kick, brutalize and even kill your black brothers and sisters; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your 6-year-old daughter why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her little eyes when she is told that "Funtown" is closed to colored children, and see the depressing clouds of inferiority begin to form in her little mental sky, and see her begin to distort her little personality by unconsciously developing a bitterness toward white people . . . when your first name becomes "nigger" and your middle name becomes "boy" (however old you are) and your last name becomes "John"; and when your wife and mother are never given the respected title "Mrs."; when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tiptoe stance, never quite knowing what to expect next, and plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodyness"—then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait.

There was irony in the life of this man of peace. In Montgomery, Ala. in 1956, leading a bus boycott, King was arrested—one of several trips to Southern jails.



From the humiliation of a Southern jail



King spoke often of the American dream. Was he not an emblem of it? As a child in Atlanta he was photographed at 2 with his sister Christine, who became a teacher, and again at 6 (center). "I was

pretty well off," he said, "though most of the Negroes were terribly poor." In 1948 he graduated from Morehouse College at 19, the same year that Christine graduated from Spelman College. Sixteen years lat-

er, he went to Stockholm to accept the Nobel Peace Prize. On his return he and his wife (below) received from the citizens of Atlanta—black and white alike—a tribute and a Steuben glass bowl.



to the honor of the Nobel Peace Prize



A visiting preacher in Montgomery, Ala. in 1956, King was booked at a police station (above) for "loitering" and was then released.

A Ku Klux Klan cross blazed on King's Atlanta lawn in 1960 (below). With his son Martin Luther III, 2, he removed the remains.



After leading civil rights demonstrations in Birmingham, Ala. in 1963, King and his associate Ralph Abernathy were jailed (above).

In 1964, an unknown assailant shot into the window (below) of King's rented cottage in St. Augustine, Fla. No one was home at the time.

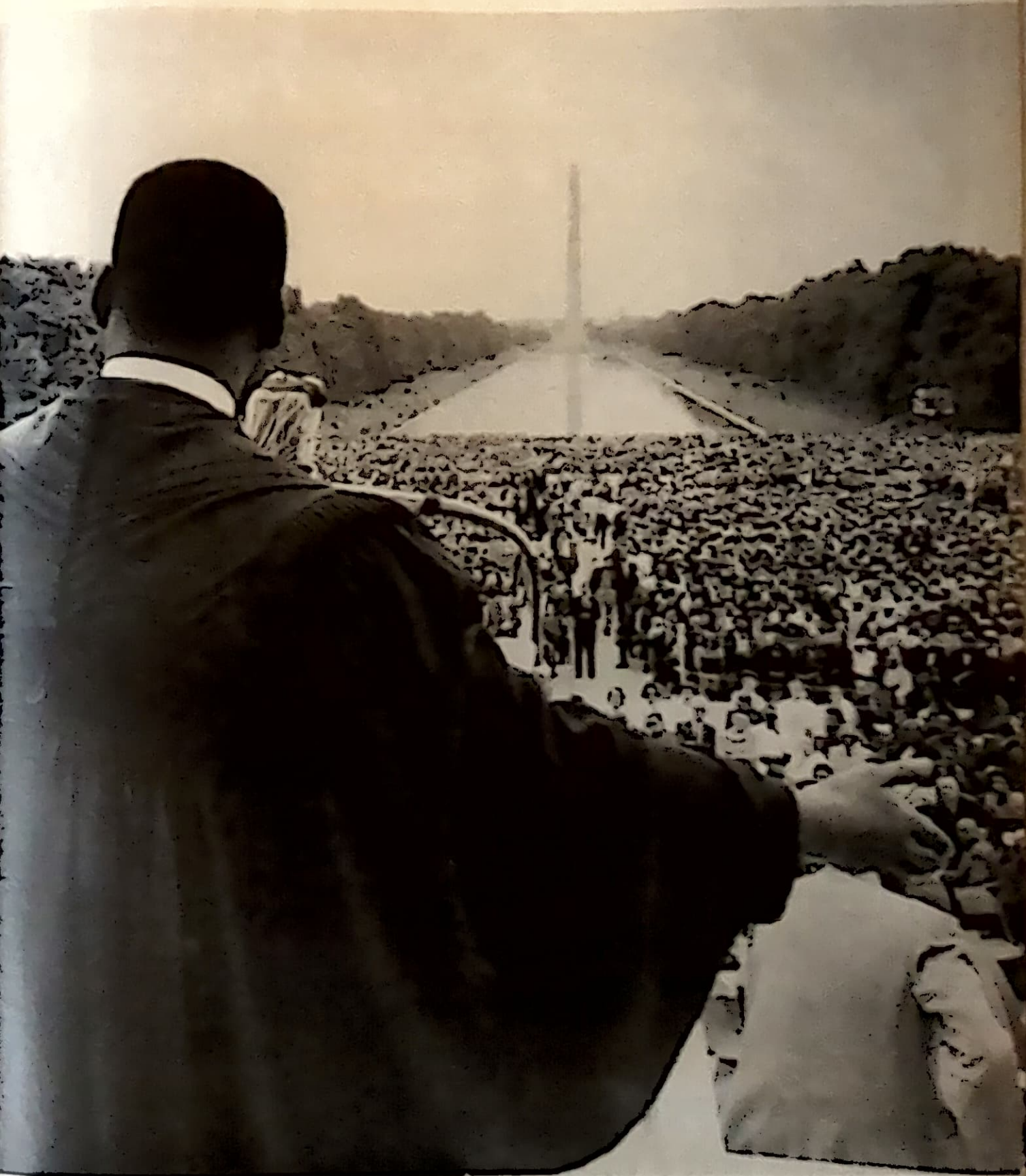


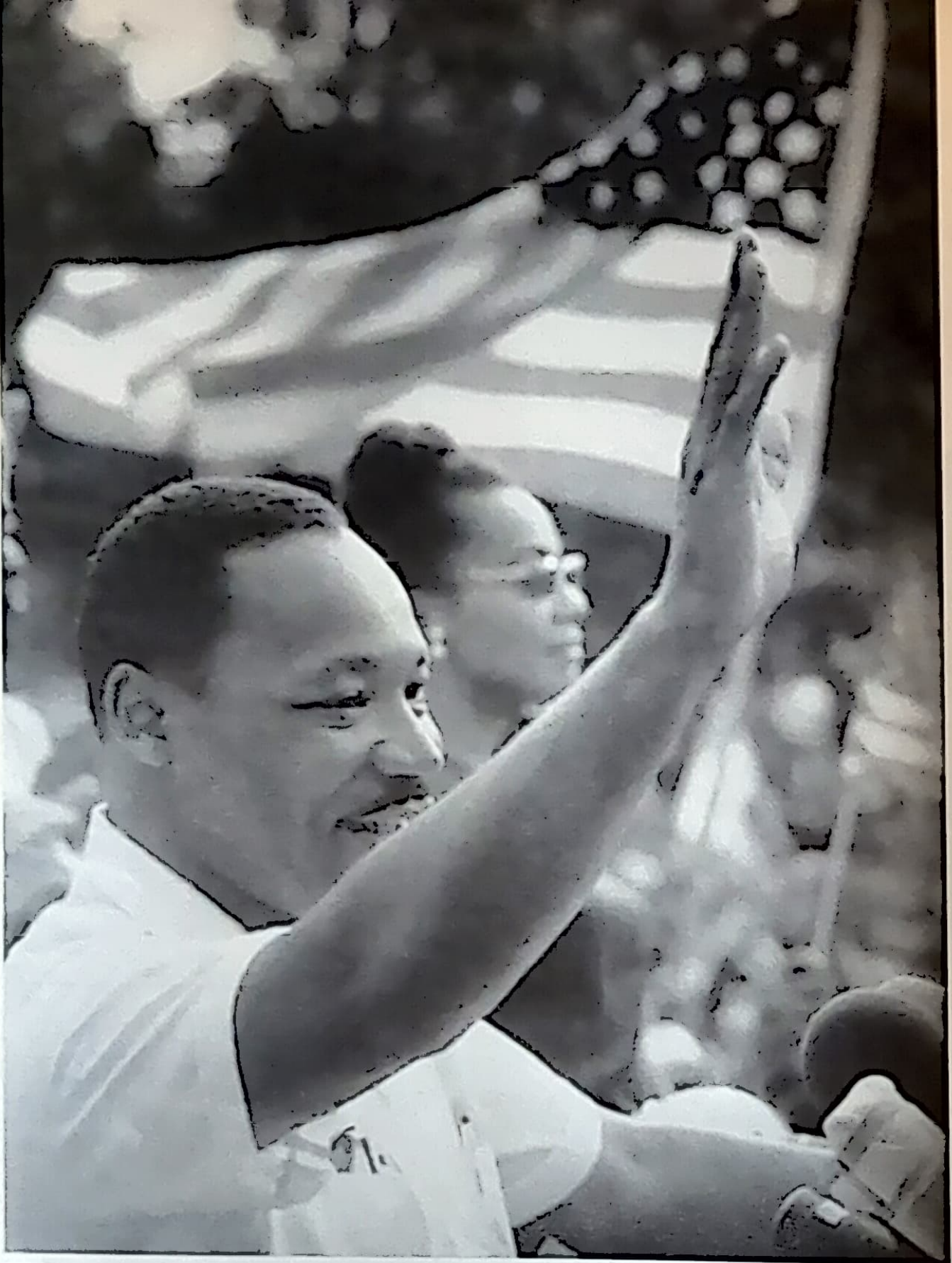
The nonviolent man



who drew violence to him

*Facing the Washington Monument
Dr. King looks at the Prayer Pilgrimage
for Freedom in 1963, a prelude
to the Washington March of '63*





**'To remind America
of the fierce urgency of now'**

In the service of his dream, King mustered the eloquence of a born gospel preacher whose creed was Christ and freedom. His mission,

pursued in a thousand speeches like this one in Jackson, Miss. in 1966, was "to remind America of the fierce urgency of now."

One thing's for sure. They're all going to notice what whiskey you serve.



Watch them.

Though they may pretend not to, you can be sure before the night's out your guests will get a good look at the label on your whiskey.

So serve Seagram's 7 Crown and let them look.

That's one of the beauties of 7 Crown. Nobody ever has to worry what his guests will think of it.

Because 7 Crown is the brand of whiskey more guests prefer than any other.

That's the truth.

See if your guests don't agree.

**Seagram's 7 Crown.
The Sure One.**

Seagram Distillers Company, New York City. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Pork chops Monterey.

Pork chops throw-away.



How come? Gas makes the big difference.

The proud cook on the left had plenty of time to gather Spanish trimmings for her table. Didn't give her Pork Chops Monterey a second thought. Left it all up to the programmed cooking control on her gas oven. The oven turned itself on, did the cooking while she shopped, then lowered the heat. Kept the food hot right up to serving time.

And with the "Burner-with-a-Brain,"* a gas range gives you precise control of temperature on the top of the range as well. Not to mention smokeless, closed-door broiling. Easy cleaning. And much more.

So give yourself a chance to put on the dog. (Better than going to the dogs, isn't it?) Start cooking with gas. Gas makes the big difference. Costs less, too.

*A.G.A. Mark

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION, INC.





Farewell to First Man in Space



All Russia paused to grieve. Nearly seven years earlier, on that momentous April 12, 1961, a 28-year-old named Yuri Gagarin, a man with a passion for tinkering with engines and for physical fitness, strapped himself inside a flimsy sheathing and rode a rocket into space, the first man ever to do so—and proved that space exploration, that ancient dream, was possible. Now he was dead, killed in a plane crash (as have been five American astronauts). At the funeral rites in Moscow's Red Square, before the mausoleum where Lenin lies, masses of troops and dignitaries stood (top left), in a freezing wind while Gagarin's ashes were interred in a niche in the historic Kremlin wall (left). Gagarin's picture is at the right; next to it is the picture of Colonel Vladimir S. Seryugin, also killed in the crash. Premier Kossygin and Communist Party General Secretary Brezhnev (below left to right) turned sadly away after having helped carry the ashes to the wall.



Family and U.S. astronaut remember



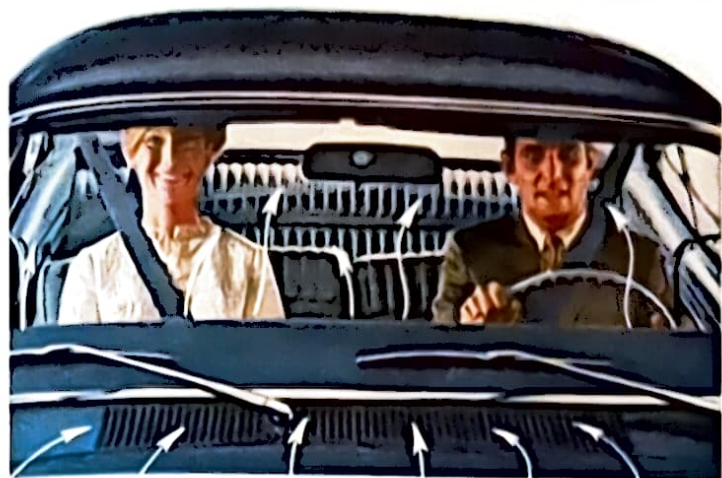
Russia's only woman cosmonaut, Valentina Tereshkova (above right), consoles Gagarin's wife, Valentina, while his mother sits in silence. At left, Gagarin's mother col-

lapses in tears as she stoops to kiss her son's portrait. Below, Gagarin's two young daughters, Lena, 9, and Galya, 7, stand with their mother during the eulogies.



American Astronaut James McDivitt met Gagarin in Paris in 1965, after McDivitt had flown command pilot on the historic first U.S. walk-in-space Gemini IV flight. "We talked about pilot stuff," McDivitt recalls. "About how we hoped we'd get another flight. He seemed just another pilot, down-to-earth, casual and friendly. It's like any exploration. You're not pitting yourself against an individual but against nature. There's competition, sure, and everybody wants to be first, but we're all in the same business. We've seen things and had experiences which are similar—even photographs don't show it all, the continents spread out down there, or how you feel. So you think of another man who's been there and, well, there's a camaraderie."

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'Remember the Day ...in Pictures

by FRED POWLEDGE

I suppose it was a combination of White Power, being 33 years old, *Sergeant Pepper* and my 9-year-old daughter Polly that made me want so urgently to understand rock music.

White Power helped because the field of race relations, about which I usually write, is at its most depressing point since the Civil War. I wanted a vacation. Being 33 because that is almost the earliest age at which you can be jealous of people younger than yourself, and they have a music that is a million times better than the music of the '50s. *Sergeant Pepper* because the Beatles' album of that name was the first truly clear indication that the new music was significant—the *We Shall Overcome* of a musical movement. And Polly because at the

age of 9 she is learning to communicate in fantastic ways. The television set has enabled her to become sophisticated about dissent, demonstrations, death and a camera landing on the moon. The transistor radio and the record player, and the new music that she hears from them, are communicating in important ways with her too.

We bought *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and considered it good entertainment, suitable for the whole family. We realized as we played *Sergeant Pepper* more and more that the album was not just a collection of 13 songs, but a successful attempt at presenting a whole of something, the way a symphony is a totality made up of several movements. But we didn't exactly know what the totality of *Sergeant Pepper* was.

Some of its movements were

easy to understand. *She's Leaving Home*, which is about a couple's discovery that their daughter has flown the coop, is pure journalism; but other songs in the album, such as *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*, were less like photographs and more like abstract

paintings. Why was she "a girl with kaleidoscope eyes"? Why were there "plasticine porters with looking-glass faces"?

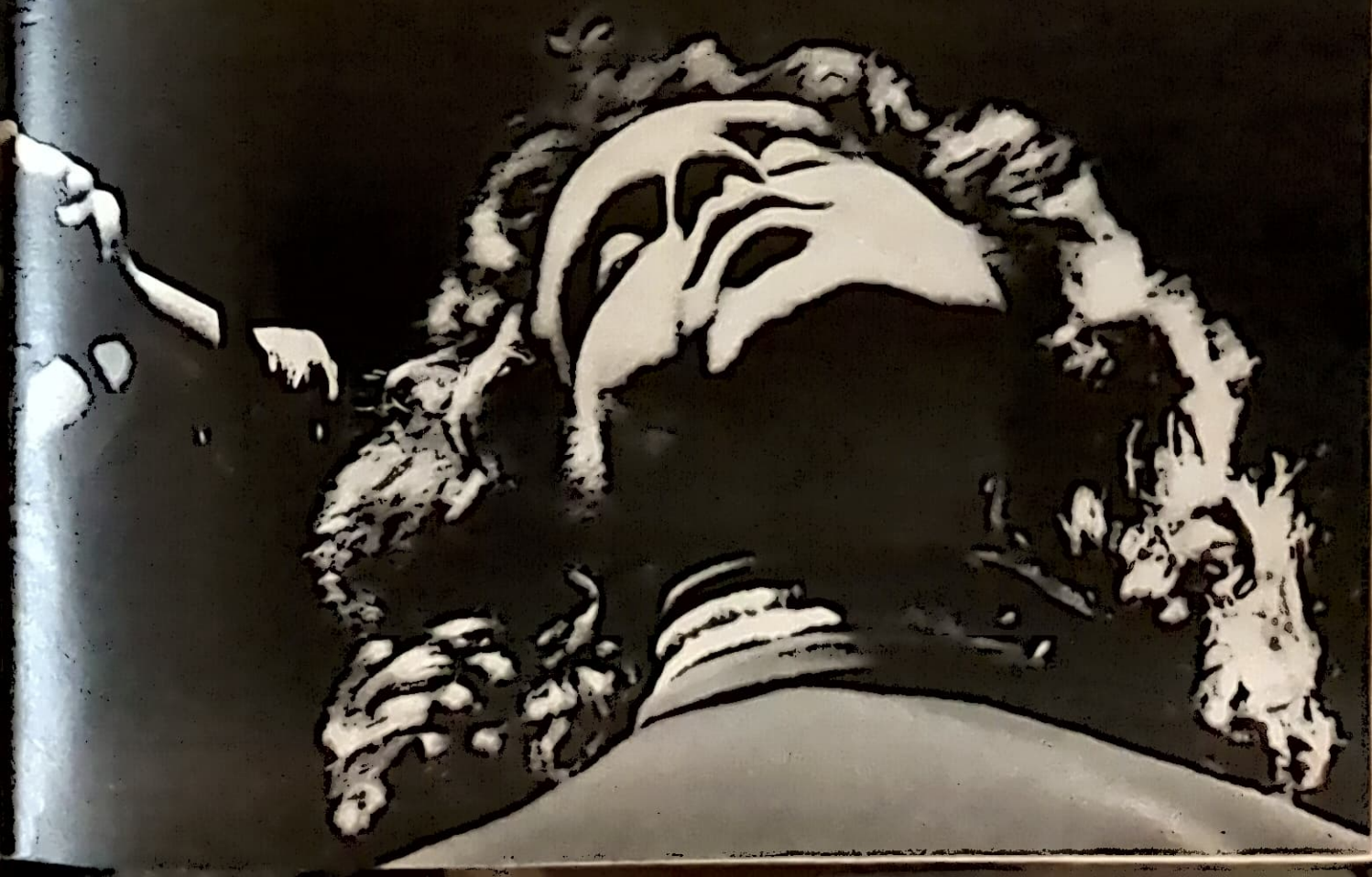
Before long we were holding family discussions on, say, how much of the record had been perfected in studio echo chambers;

An adult's education

by the kings of acid rock

Wicked Go The Doors

Lead singer and lyricist Jim Morrison projects *The Doors'* satanic, sensual music in vivid theatrical terms.



THE DOORS

CONTINUED

therefore, how much of it was impossible to reproduce at live concerts unless it was "lip-synched" and whether "lip-synching" was morally right; and on how much of what the Beatles were saying we just couldn't understand. Gradually my wife and I found that we were no longer moved by what had been our regular music. We were spending more and more time humming *Larry in the Sky* with *Diamonds* to ourselves.

The new music I most wanted to understand was that of a group called The Doors, who took their name from a line by poet William Blake about "the doors of perception." My wife and I heard the first Doors album at a party a year ago, bought it for ourselves and played it a few times.

The sound of the album slowly got inside my head. There was something about The Doors' music—most of it electronic but never superficial—and their lyrics—very obscure to me at first, then less obscure but never completely understandable—that convinced me their work was significant. This was at a time when hardly anybody else knew about The Doors. I called Elektra Records and asked if there was a second Doors album on the way. Elektra wasn't sure.

The Doors' music, unlike the Beatles', is satanic, sensual, demented and full of acid when you first hear it, and it becomes even more so when you play it over and over again.

You may have had difficulty hearing The Doors on your transistor radio, both because the

music is wicked and because the individual tunes are so lengthy. The AM radio stations which devote themselves to the 40 most popular singles are obligated to blare out purple-cream and tooth-brightener commercials between two-minute-plus records, and as a result, few of them ever would play an early Doors tune called *Light My Fire*, which was on the first album and had all the marks of a commercial success but ran for six minutes and 50 seconds.

Last April, The Doors released an abbreviated, 2:52 version of *Light My Fire*. By the end of July it was No. 1 on the *Billboard* "Hot 100" survey. The album, meanwhile, shot through the charts. Then, in October, Elektra Records brought out a second album, *Strange Days*. Within two weeks it had reached No. 4 on the *Billboard* survey. Then, for a month, both Doors LPs were in the Top 10—a rare feat. Both albums have made far more than \$1 million each, and the single version of *Light My Fire* has sold more than 1.2 million copies. The Doors' current entry in the Top 40 contest is an apocalyptic song called *The Unknown Soldier*.

An amplified poet in black leather pants

The most satanic thing about The Doors is Jim Morrison, the lead vocalist and author of most of the group's songs. Morrison is 24 years old, out of U.C.L.A., and he appears—in public and on his records—to be moody, temperamental, enchanted in the mind and extremely stoned on something. Once you see him perform, you realize that he also seems dangerous, which, for a poet, may be a contradiction in terms.

He wears skin-tight black leather pants, on stage and away from it; and when he sings, he writhes and grinds and is sort of the male equivalent of the late Miss Lilly Christine, the Cat Girl. But with Lilly Christine you had a good idea that the performance was going to stop short of its promised ending-point. You don't know that with Morrison.

Morrison is a very good actor and a very good poet—one who speaks in short, beautiful bursts, like the Roman Catullus. His lyrics often seem obscure, but their obscurity, instead of making you hurry off to play a Pete Seeger record that you can understand, challenges you to try to interpret. You sense that Morrison is writing about weird scenes he's been privy to, about which he would rather not be too explicit.

He has devoted one song called *The End*—which lasts 11 minutes, 35 seconds—to a poem about someone who murders his father and then makes love to his mother, but you may not know this unless you listen to it many times.

The final act—after the narrative of the father's murder and the killer's entrance into his mother's room—is only suggested by Morrison's anguished screams and the use of double-time by Ray Manzarek, whose talents on the electronic organ and a contraption called the piano bass qualify him as the best craftsman of the group, which includes John Densmore, who plays the drums, and Robby Krieger, the guitarist. The song ends:

*This is the end,
beautiful friend.
This is the end,
my only friend, the end...
It hurts to set you free
but you'll never follow me.
The end of laughter and soft lies,
The end of nights we tried to die.
This is the end.**

And this is from *When the Music's Over*, an 11-minute composition that ends The Doors' second album:

*What have they done to the earth?
What have they done to our fair sister?
Ravaged and plundered
and ripped her and bit her
Stuck her with knives
in the side of the dawn
and tied her with fences*

*and dragged her down,
I hear a very gentle sound,
With your ear down to the ground—*

We want the world and we want it NOW!

The words are not what you'd call simple and straightforward. You can't listen to the record once or twice and then put it away in the rack. And this is one of the exciting characteristics of the new music in general; you really have to listen to it, repeatedly, preferably at high volume in a room that is otherwise quiet and perhaps darkened. You must throw away all those old music-listening habits that you learned courtesy of the Lucky Strike Hit Parade and Mantovani.

You are reminded that the music is a plastic reflection of our plastic world. The sounds are transistorized, sharper than sharp, just as the plastic lettering over a hot dog stand is redder than red. Out of this context the music—even the conventional sounds of the church organ or the street noises—is unreal; in it, it is marvelously effective in reflecting what's going on in our society. It dances close to disharmony, to insanity; sometimes it does sound insane and disharmonious, but then you listen closer and find a harmony hidden deep within it.

On my way to a fuller appreciation of the new music—and, most particularly, The Doors—I talked with three of the people at Elektra who make records, Jac Holzman, 36, is the president of this multimillion-dollar-a-year company whose median employee age is around 25, Paul Rothchild, 32, and Peter Siegel, 23, are two of Elektra's producers.

The producer of a modern record must be a marvelously sensitive man, with a knowledge of music, an ability to get the most out of a group, and the sense and good taste to know when to use and when not to use—and when, as Rothchild says, to abuse—the complex and tempting machinery that fills the inside of a recording studio. He can tape-record a French horn playing its highest note, then accelerate the tape and make the horn fly an octave higher, then tuck the sound into a record so that it complements or heightens a particular mood.

"The essential function of the producer," says Rothchild as he fiddled with potentiometers and slide switches at one of Elektra's huge consoles, "is to draw from the creative musician the maxi-

The Doors—Morrison, Robby Krieger on guitar, John Densmore on drums, Ray Manzarek at the organ—let go for the crowd at New York's Fillmore East.



* ALL LYRICS: "THE END," "WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER," "MUSIC AND MUSIC" BY THE DOORS. COPYRIGHT © 1967 BY NIPPER MUSIC CO. INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. USED BY PERMISSION. "SUCK YOUR MARY" BY WALKER LAMON. COPYRIGHT © 1967 BY ABC MUSIC CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

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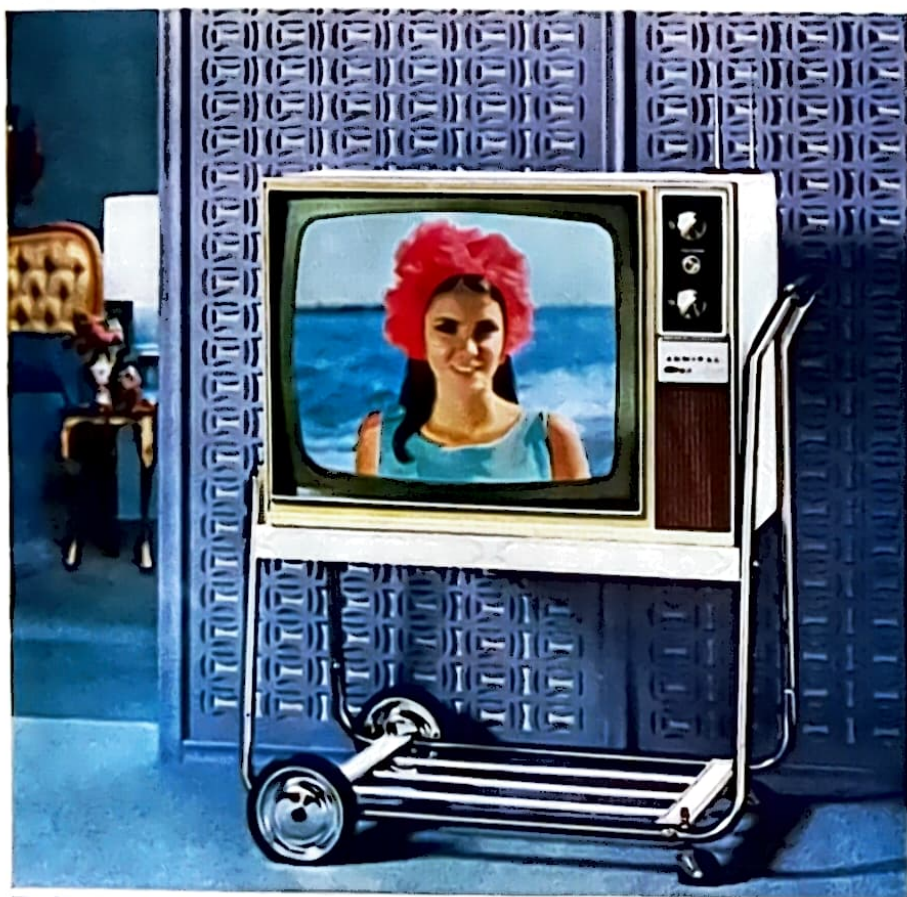


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THE DOORS

CONTINUED

ment of his capabilities, to bring out whatever expression he is trying to show in the music. Whatever his theater is, I try to help him stage that."

I had heard that word "theater" before in talking to record people. What did it mean?

Rothchild explained that the new music was not just music for music's sake. In live performances, groups try to be just as exciting visually as they are aurally. On records, they will use any sound that helps them get across the mood of their music. Thus the producer becomes more than just a sound-effects man; he is a producer of theatrical presentations.

The songs are really pieces of the theater

"The kinds of songs that are being written today are written sometimes specifically to create a mood in the listener," said Peter Siegel. "Even when they're not written with that specific intent, they're written in such a way that the mood of the listener is essential to the understanding of the song. We're not dealing with soupy and trite lyrics; we're dealing with things that people are trying to say—statements, dramatic presentations. So, what we're doing now is trying to take these songs, which are really small dramatic presentations, and give them a setting which will be meaningful to the music and allow the listener to get himself in the right frame of mind to hear what the song is trying to say."

Jac Holzman, who had been listening to this, rose from his seat in the Elektra conference room and manipulated a dial on the wall that dimmed the lights down almost to nothing.

"What most of the producers and artists hope for, and what I think Elektra as a company is almost a midwife to, is a stimulation of the imagination. And they're creating, essentially, scenarios without pictures. They're creating scenarios and you supply the pictures in your mind; they supply the mood and the words."

"It's just this," said Rothchild. "The phonograph record has become a true means of communication. And the basic market

today for the kind of music we're discussing"—he gestured toward the huge console with its treasury of echo, equalizers and limiters, filters, signal clippers and devices for inducing space warps—"is the very young people, because they're incredibly aware, and aware of lyric content—which is amazing, to be able to follow Kafkaesque lyrics at very early ages. They're also the late teens and the college graduates from, oh, the 1950s on. People who were raised with rock 'n' roll, essentially, but who developed out of what was the Elvis Presley, Bill Haley rock and who cast that aside because it was trivial."

He was right, of course. What could be more trivial than the words, "You ain't nothing but a hound dog?"

But what about the protest songs I was raised on—*We Shall Overcome* and *What Have They Done to the Rain?* and *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?* Nobody in rock music was singing those songs.

"Okay," said Rothchild. "A few years ago you had social protest. To the modern ear, that's become corny. It's obvious that protest, in itself, is self-defeating, because it just gets people mad."

"What is significant is social comment. Social commentary is considerably different from social protest. Social comment tries to draw our attention to the problem; it doesn't draw conclusions, doesn't say what the solution is. Bertolt Brecht. If you will, Gilbert and Sullivan... George Frederick Handel. It's social comment. Just pointing your finger at a situation and saying, 'This is you. Do you dig it?' Which is more powerful, much more effective than saying, 'That's wrong, and this is what we've got to do about it or else you're an idiot.' People can only react to that one way."

"Listen to the Beatles' lyrics. You've got lots of social commentary there. And *The Doors*. You have Jim Morrison in *When the Music's Over*, saying things like

What have they done to the earth?

What have they done to our fair sister?

"I don't think there's anybody under 30 who doesn't understand what that's all about and doesn't identify with it. Because I think it's twice as powerful as Lady Bird Johnson doing her Keep America Beautiful campaign. That's exactly what he's talking

CONTINUED



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THE DOORS

CONTINUED

about, you know, it's the rape of the world and he's saying, 'My God, people, open your eyes to what we're doing with this beautiful world!' And then he caps it by saying things like: *Cameled my subscription to the Resurrection.*

"He's saying, 'I can't give you any answers to this, people; we know it's wrong, and somehow we've got to find solutions to it, but until then I just want to step back a minute and view it. Something's really wrong, and let's take a look at it.'"

"Now, that's not the sort of thing that you can't understand if you're over 30. Shakespeare was a star in his day, and he was a hit, and why was he a hit? He wrote and spoke in the vulgate. And this is true of many of your really great artists—they spoke in the people's tongue. These young musicians are doing precisely the same thing. They're speaking the vulgate. They're speaking the language of the streets poetically, beautifully."

Ray Manzarek, The Doors' or-

ganist, patiently explained to me one day in New York: "Our music has to do with operating in the dark areas within yourself. A lot of people are operating on the love trip, and that's nice, but there are two sides to this thing. There's a black, evil side as well as a white, love side. What we're trying to do is come to grips with that and realize it. Sensual is the word that best fits it."

Does this devotion to sensuality mean that there is no further need for social comment?

The kids just get bammed on the music and words'

John Densmore, the drummer, broke in: "I grew up with Elvis Presley and Frankie Avalon and Fabian and all those guys, too. They were making a social comment, in their way. I mean, their *being* was a social comment."

What then about the difficulties that someone over 30 might have in understanding the lyrics? There was, for instance, a line in

The End in which the singer asks a girl to

... take a chance with us and meet me at the back of the blue bus."

Was "blue bus" the slang name for some sort of hallucinatory capsule, or some other symbol that people over 30 couldn't possibly understand?

"I don't know what the 'blue bus' means," said Densmore. "That's just one of Jim's poems—the stuff he writes in one of his notebooks. I never even tried to think of what in the hell the 'blue bus' means. It's just there."

"See, we're not the Reading Generation. That's why the kids ... man, the kids—you know why they know how to dig it? Because they just take it, like McLuhan says—the total thing. They don't say, 'Hmm, blue bus.' They get bammed with the music and the lights and words and they just go 'Unhhhh,' and they dig it, and they don't worry about anything. That's what you're supposed to do, I suppose."

"I can see where someone who wasn't familiar with this music would want to say, 'Now what

does that damned 'blue bus' thing mean?' You can tell them that if the guys in the band don't even know what it means, they don't have to worry about it."

He thought a moment, and then added: "I can think of one phrase in one of the songs that you might not get right off. Sometimes, when you're playing a gig, Jim departs from the lyrics in *When the Music's Over*, and he says, 'You got the guns, but we got the numbers.' What's that mean to you?"

I started to explain how it meant that the people over 30 had political control of the country, but that the young people are getting into the majority as far as the population's concerned.

"Yeah," said Densmore. "But also, in California, a number is another name for a joint, a marijuana cigarette. Just thought you might want to know that." I thanked him for the information. I could use it on my friends.

"Yeah," he said. "For the total thing, I'm not saying that we're like *superliterate*, although we are. I mean Jim's read all the goddam poetry there is to read,



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All that's true. But there's another thing. Our live concerts are totally different from our records. I mean, it's *theater*. You got to see us perform in person. We're totally different in public from the way we are on records."

Everybody with whom I talked about The Doors had made the point that the concerts were a lot like Living Theater, a lot like the theater of Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht—artistic comments on a society that was rushing, pell-mell, toward something it did not understand. I decided to catch The Doors' next performance at Troy, New York.

Troy is not exactly in the boondocks, but it appeared that night to be in a state of morbidity, in the dead industrial heartland of half a century ago, a place now scarred by dirty rivers, dirty snow, smashed windows of dirty factory buildings that no longer

are inhabited. The concert there, at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, was a bomb, as anybody who listened to the jukebox beforehand at the local collegiate hang-out could have predicted. It was stocked largely with Dean Martin and inspirational music.

Morrison could not light the fire in Troy

Jim Morrison missed his plane and his agent hired a Cadillac limousine to drive him the 150 miles from New York City. The lead singer arrived, late and moody, wearing his skin-tight black leather pants, and swaggered onto the stage in front of six huge amplifier-speakers that pushed 1,550 watts of audio power into the R.P.I. field house, and he did his best. But the crowd was not ready for music that celebrated the black, evil side. The music was plenty wicked, but the crowd seemed to be treating it as entertainment rather than as an invitation to wallow. To them Mor-

risson wasn't dangerous; he was just a poet.

He sang for about 45 minutes, and when he came offstage he said to his colleagues, "Let's see how they liked us." Rensselaer did not want an encore. The applause quickly died down, people started to leave, and The Doors hurriedly returned to the Cadillac and went to the airport.

Morrison, even madder now because the crowd hadn't wanted its fire lit in Troy, decided to skip the plane and ride the 150 miles back to New York City in the Cadillac. There was speculation, on the part of the group's agent, that the audience would be more appreciative on the following night, when The Doors played New Haven, Connecticut.

I had promised my wife and Polly a trip to New Haven and a pre-concert visit backstage with John Denamore, Polly's favorite Door. We got to the New Haven Arena early, but getting to the dressing room proved to be a difficult matter. Policemen stood in the corridors, making sure that nobody got backstage.

CONTINUED

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THE DOORS

CONTINUED

The only man who apparently had the authority to conduct us to the dressing room was a Lt. James P. Kelly, head of the New Haven Police Department's Youth Division, and he was busy unblocking a fire exit. We talked to a patrolman while we waited for Lieutenant Kelly. Polly and I were interested in a black aerosol can the policeman wore on his belt. "Mace," he said, giving the name of the chemical spray now in use by many police departments; it renders a suspect harmless when it is ejected into his face. I shuddered, looked at my wife, and changed the subject.

"Do you like this kind of music?"

"Yeah," said the patrolman, who was chubby and young and pleasant enough. "My brother's in a local rock band."

Lieutenant Kelly arrived. At first he didn't want to take us to the dressing room, but he relented when I asked him how to spell his name, K-e-l-l-y or K-e-l-l-e-y?

On the way to the dressing room, we joked about the natural antipathy between cops and reporters, and how each had to give the other a hard time in order to get his job done. Polly saw The Doors, collected their autographs, and as we went to our seats for the concert she started calculating her relative stature in the fourth grade in Brooklyn on the following Monday.

The men don't know, but the little girls understand'

The New Haven audience was much sharper than the college students at Troy had been, and Morrison felt the difference. He stood before the six powerful amplifiers in his black leather pants and gyrated, sang, undulated, jumped, crouched, fondled, jerked, twisted, and projected poetry, at more than 1,300 watts, into the old sports arena. The crowd applauded at the right times.

There were maybe 2,000 people there, and most of them were getting hammed on the music and the words. Morrison hummed a cigarette from someone in the audience, and a little later he threw a microphone stand off the stage. A few policemen moved around in

front of the audience, clearing away the little girls who had come down close to the stage with their Instamatics to take Morrison's picture. On another occasion Morrison spai toward the first row, but it fell short and nobody seemed to care. It was like *Mart/Sade*. I was in the second row, and I didn't care.

He was dangerous, but danger was part of the show. I understood now what Paul Rothchild was talking about when he spoke of the rock musicians' theater, and all the references to Living Theater and Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht, and I understood what John Densmore meant when he said you had to see The Doors in concert to really appreciate them. Morrison's performance had the same elements of carnality as it had in Troy the night before, but here the audience was getting with it—they, too, were part of the music. I knew that, from now on, the music in my head would be a little brighter whenever I heard a Doors record.

*You got the guns, but
We got the numbers...
We want the world and we want
it
NOW!*

As Morrison shouted that last word from *When the Music's Over*, several dozen of the young people in the audience shouted it along with him, and that was what you must call pretty good social comment. He had said the same thing the night before in Troy, and nobody there had responded.

*I am a back door man...
(That was a line from the last
song of the evening)
I am a back door man,
I am a back door man,
Well, the men don't know
But the little girls understand.*

*When you come home,
You can eat pork and beans,
I eat more chicken any man seen
I am a back door man,
I am a back door man,
Well, the men don't know
But the little girls
understand...**

Manzarek continued on the electronic organ, Krieger on the guitar, Densmore on the drums, and Morrison started talking:

"I want to tell you about something that happened just two minutes ago right here in New Haven... this is New Haven, isn't it, New Haven, Connecticut, United States of America?"

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The crowd grew quieter. Morrison started talking about having eaten dinner, and about having had a few drinks, and about somebody's having asked for his autograph at the restaurant, and about having talked with a waitress about religion, and about coming over to the New Haven Arena for the concert, and going into the dressing room, and about meeting a girl there, and talking with her.

He made you
understand he was
on the evil side

"We started talking," he said, still writhing, still keeping the rhythm that Denmore was beating behind him twisting at the microphone, making you understand that he was on the black, evil side.

"And we wanted some privacy
And so we went into this shower-
room
We weren't doing anything, you
know,
Just standing there and talking.

And then this little man came in
there,
This little man, in a little blue
suit
And a little blue cap,
And he said,
'Whatcha doin' there?'
'Nothin'.'
But he didn't go 'way,
He stood there
And then he reached 'round be-
hind him
And he brought out this little
black can of somethin'
Looked like shaving cream,
And then he
Sprayed it in my eyes.
I was blinded for about 30
minutes . . ."

Oh, I am a back door man,
I am a back door man.
Well, the men don't know,
But the little girls
understand. . . .*

The lights came on. Morrison blinked out into the audience. He asked why they were on. There was no reply. Ray Manzarek walked over and whispered something into his ear. Morrison asked if the crowd wanted more music. The audience screamed "Yes!" "Well, then turn off the lights. TURN OFF THE LIGHTS!"

It sounded like the beginning of *When the Music's Over*.
When the music's over
Turn out the lights.
The music is your special friend;
Dance on fire as it intends
Music is your only friend
Until the end.*

A policeman walked onto the stage. Lieutenant Kelly was suddenly there, arresting the singer. Morrison was nonchalant at first; he even pointed the mike at Kelly and said, "Say your thing, man." But then a policeman snatched the microphone from Morrison's hand. People scrambled off the stage. Bill Siddons, The Doors' road manager, a handsome, clean-cut young man who

wears a peace button, tried to protect Morrison's body from the cops with his own. Then they took Morrison away, and Siddons tried to protect the equipment—the six amplifiers and the electronic organ and drums and guitar, and he thrashed around on the stage as more policemen ran in.

Some of the crowd started to leave; some stayed around and in protest pushed over the folding wooden chairs. Outside, Tim Page, a photographer just back from Vietnam, was taking pictures of several cops arresting a young man. One of the policemen saw him and pushed him out into the street. Tim protested to Lieutenant Kelly; the lieutenant said

With demonic intensity, Jim Morrison flails away with the mike on the New Haven stage as he chants the words from *When the Music's Over*: "We want the world and we want it NOW!"

he was sorry and that he would speak to the patrolman as soon as things calmed down.

Then, as Kelly hurried along, the patrolman came back and arrested Tim, then arrested Yosemite Chabrier, a LIFE reporter, then arrested Michael Zwerin, the jazz critic for *The Village Voice*, all for no apparent reason. They had breached the peace, said the police later. An unknown number of teenagers were hauled off. The charge against Jim Morrison was

CONTINUED



Breaking up the performance, a New Haven policeman came on stage. Morrison offered him the mike: "Say your thing, man." Then Morrison was arrested (below) for "breach of the peace."

THE DOORS

CONTINUED

that he had breached the peace, given an indecent and immoral exhibition and resisted arrest. He was placed under \$1,500 bond. His road manager posted the money from the concert receipts.

I sought out Lieutenant Kelly and told him about the arrests. I thought he could undo what was being done. He seemed surprised. "It's sickening," he said. "It's terrible what went on here."

I saw the chubby policeman who had showed Polly the can of Mace earlier—the cop who had a brother in a local rock band. Did he still like the music? He said, "Sure," as he pushed teen-aged girls and boys toward the exits. His face was hard and strained.

I looked down at Polly. "Why can't Lieutenant Kelly stop this?" she asked.

She stood there, in the midst of it all, the cops and teen-agers swirling around her, Tim and Yvonne and Michael being led toward a paddy wagon; she was not afraid, as I was. Her little-girl face was angry, her fists were clenched, her eyes pinched but still seeing everything that was happening. And understanding it. She was seeing it live this time.

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STACK OF WOOD CRYSTALS

Moving through an abstraction of stained cedar beams and planked walls (above), Penny helps her son Andrew down the steps from the carport after a shopping trip. Expanse of windows in the living room (right), two levels below, lets in all the light afforded by the usually gray skies of Vancouver and, like an oriental screen, frames the Grahams' private vista of ancient pines, Howe Sound and the mountains beyond.



The over-all effect of this extraordinarily complex house is one of serene simplicity mixed with excitement. Situated on a shore of Howe Sound outside Vancouver, British Columbia, it is an arrangement of wood and glass in rectangular, almost crystalline form, rising out of, and seemingly a part of, a steeply sloping granite rockfall. So numerous are

the angled vistas of stairs, terraces and great luminous windows that the simple act of walking through its levels is as adventuresome as exploring the heavily wooded and bouldered terrain outside. For the people who live there, David and Penny Graham, the house is a happy reflection of their own lives and the adventures they love to share.

The whole idea of the house," says Architect Arthur Erickson, who has designed a pavilion at Expo 67, our university and has another in the works, "is the pleasure of moving through something, of kinesthetics." The form came from the idea of piling up beams and rooms to accentuate the rhythm of stepping up from, down from or through one room into another. Stacked beside a garden pool, the house is topped by Andrew's nursery. Beneath it is the kitchen, which has a white chair visible in its window. Next to it is the skylighted dining room, which is over David's den. Behind the living room, jutting toward the Sound, is the master bedroom. A swimming pool is out of sight on the other side of the dining room. Someday the Grahams hope to add extra bedrooms atop the stone terraces outside the kitchen and a sauna bath.





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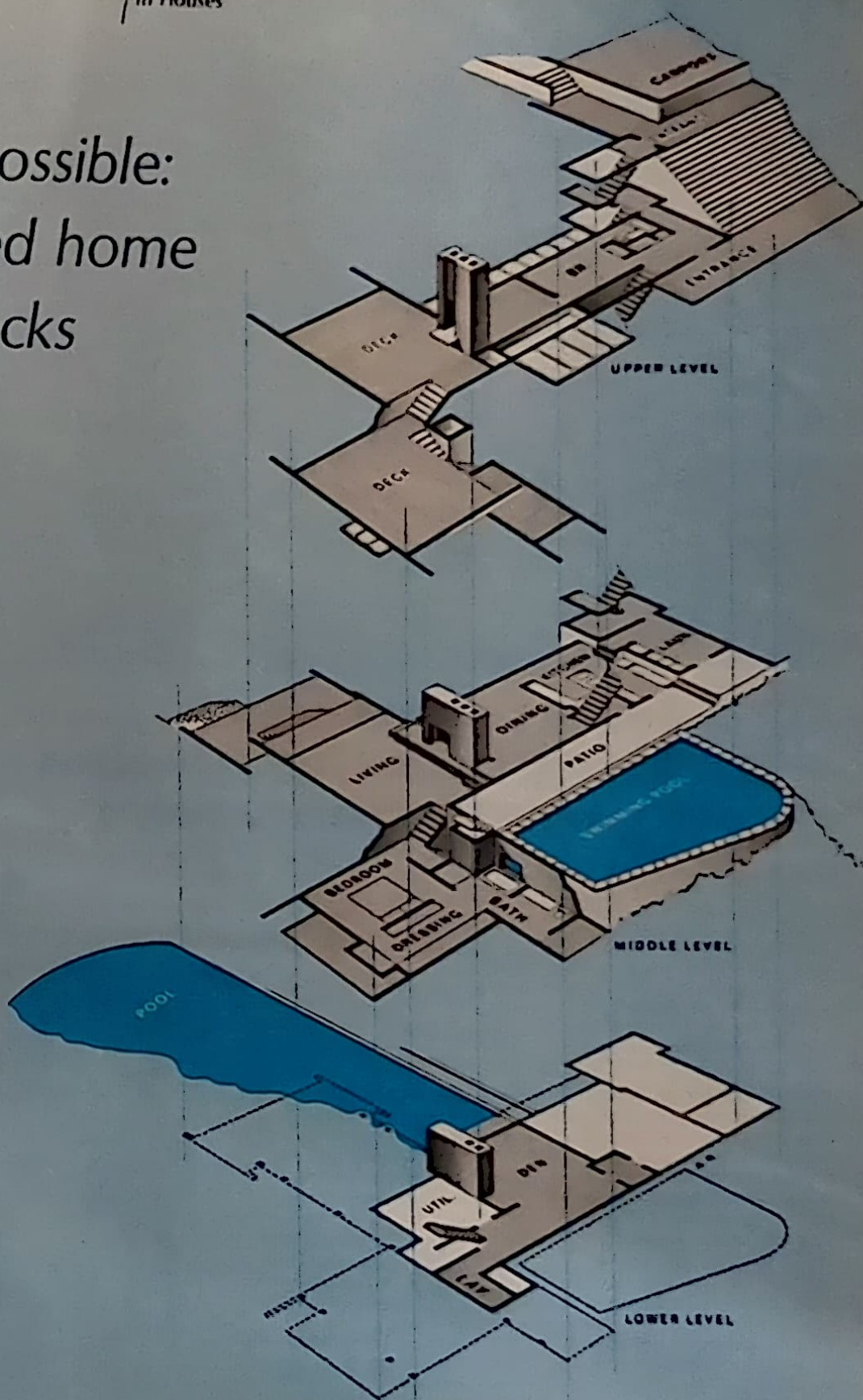
MERCURY



It was possible: a multi-tiered home on the rocks

David and Penny Graham wanted straight lines throughout the architecture of their house, and simple basic materials like plaster and indigenous hardwoods. They especially requested a separate dining room, plenty of distance between their bedroom and the nursery, a swimming pool, a den and a sunken Japanese-style bath. All of these wishes were incorporated by Architect Erickson into the structure diagrammed at the right, which, because of the sloping topography of its site, is very much an "up and down" house. Connecting its top-level entry with the den on the lowest level are 56 steps. From each of the overlapped levels there are expansive views of the surrounding terrain, and even the Japanese bathtub has a window looking into the swimming pool below the surface.

David Graham found the building site only after tramping over literally hundreds of miles of shoreline around Vancouver. Its price was more than reasonable because it was a steep rock fall under a cliff that other prospective home-builders had passed up as unusable. But Architect Erickson, upon visiting it and making a sketch of the kind of house he saw upon it, persuaded the Grahams that building there was indeed possible. And it was. By anchoring the house into bedrock with steel bolts, Erickson has made his creation completely secure.





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by MICHAEL
DURHAM

France is a country of people who love to dine well and drive automobiles. Hence, the most prestigious guide to good eating is put out annually by a tire company. This is the *Guide Michelin*, which, by an incorruptible and clandestine system of on-the-table inspections, passes judgment on the quality of French restaurants. The 1968 edition, recently off the presses, contained some surprising news for Frenchmen everywhere, and most especially for a portly 52-year-old gentleman named Charles Barrier: the roadside restaurant he owns and runs near the city of Tours, 125 miles southwest of Paris, had been elevated from the two-star to the three-star category. In the rarefied world of haute cuisine, there could be no higher compliment, and since the *Guide Michelin* traditionally awards this supreme rating to only a handful of restaurants in all France, the appearance of a newcomer on the list of "culinary museums" is a truly momentous event. Thus it was that I set out at once for Tours and, pursuant to advance reservation, entered Chez Barrier (which also boasts four crossed spoons and forks, the Michelin symbol for a restaurant that is "top class" in comfort and atmosphere) for an incredible adventure of lunch as it can happen only in France.

Monsieur Barrier himself led the way to the table, explaining that he ran his restaurant "to please all the senses of a customer." By way of demonstrating he asked if he could plan the meal and choose the wines for my party. We consented, whereupon at his command a battery of waiters took over. "Watch their hands," he advised us. "The hands of good waiters are a pleasure to watch—like those of a musician."

No sooner had a pair of these hands presented us with our first course, *mousse de foies de canard*, than Barrier was right there, cautioning the waiter not to serve us too much. "We don't want to spoil your appetites," he laughed.

As it turned out, a man with a normal appetite could have eaten the mousse and not felt hungry until dinnertime, but this was just the introduction. Now the enthusiastic patron appeared behind a waiter with a tray of smoked salmon. "Please note," he said, "that it is *saumon de la Loire fumé*. The Loire River is practically in our backyard but I am the only one in the world who smokes

Loire salmon. You'll see it has a slightly different taste." He was right. It was heavier, less dry and more flavorful.

As we were to learn, Monsieur Barrier personally orders every morsel of food served in his restaurant. By 8 a.m. each day he is on the telephone calling food suppliers all over France. "In a restaurant like ours," he says, "you just can't go to the local market. You have to know exactly where to find what you want. Scallops might be best in Brest one week, in Dieppe the next."

The salmon finished, I thought longingly of a siesta. But along came the grilled *rouget*, stunning me with its size. To counterbalance the simplicity of this fish, Barrier insisted we smother it in a pale pink sauce called *buerre de homard*, which gave it a rich creaminess. To my astonishment I finished the fish. But I was still an amateur among professionals, and the main course was still to come. At first glance the *suprême de poularde* Alexandra (breast of chicken with spring vegetables), served with a Madeira and cream sauce, looked relatively harmless. But Barrier knew better. He was hovering over the table as I made the first incision. I saw at once what was tucked between the two succulent slices. "Truffles," I

said in a half-accusing tone of voice. "And *foie gras*," Barrier said, grinning happily.

I made a prodigious effort to consume my *suprême de poularde* and succeeded surprisingly easily. In the process I discovered that I was now floating in a state of detached euphoria—due in part, I suppose, to the wines the proprietor had selected, but mainly to the heavenly flavors created by his own culinary artistry. Around me people were still eating busily, but I noticed that the average customer had turned two shades redder in the face. The cheese tray was passed, then a huge platter of *sorbet* (sherbet) accompanied by an immense statue of a swan that Barrier had carved from a block of ice. Finally came the *petits fours* on the pastry tray, each precisely bite-size, in the shape of tiny mice and pigs. Thankfully, Barrier didn't insist that I try one.

Barrier entered the restaurant business when he was 12 years old. His parents were poor vineyard workers in the Loire valley. He can remember being often hungry as a boy—"We were lucky if we had meat once a month." His first job as an apprentice paid him keep plus 50 centimes a month, which at that time was enough to

SPECIAL REPORT

PARIS



Wielding knife, Chef Barrier sculpts a squirrel in ice

CHEZ BARRIER:



buy one good meal. Two years later he was hired as a scullery boy in the very premises which the world now knows as Chez Barrier. The work was hard and long, but Barrier persevered. "Then as now I had the mentality of a peasant," he says. "This meant I had common sense and could work hard." He also possessed the "knack of observation." While he worked, "I was looking to one side to learn how the man next to me was doing his job."

Because he firmly believes that a cook learns best through observation, Barrier detests secrecy in the kitchen. There's one trick he is particularly happy to reveal: after he has grilled a steak over the open oak-log fire (he personally does all the grilling), he then places the meat in a warm oven just before serving it. This draws the juices away from the core back toward the charred exterior and the customer gets a steak that is juicy throughout.

He believes there are no short cuts to good cooking. "Short cuts are a sort of gift, and when you work in my kitchen, you don't receive gifts."

To his staff of 12 he constantly stresses one basic rule: never forget the source, which is cookbooks. "Every night before I go to bed I read Escoffier and the other greats of the golden age of French cooking."

Barrier is as relentlessly demanding a father as he is a boss. Several weekends ago his youngest son, François, who is attending a hotel school, cooked a rabbit for the family dinner. The dish displeased Barrier. "I called him into my office and, whaap! I slapped him on the face. In France, you know, we don't believe in pampering our children."

The proprietor was sure it was a useful lesson for the young man who someday might own part or all of Chez Barrier. "Now that I have the third star," he says, "I have no further ambitions. I only want to continue doing what I do a little bit better. I would rather lose my life than my third star."

As we took our leave, another party of diners just ahead of us paused to pay respects to Monsieur Barrier. One of them told him that even though they had overeat they were still hungry. "Did you hear that?" the patron glowed. "They know how to praise a chef! That is the best compliment they could have paid me." ◀

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Will the JOBS* program really work?

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Who is doing what?

The National Alliance of Businessmen, made up of business leaders in each of our largest cities is spearheading the program; working with the Government. If the Chairman in your city hasn't already called you...don't wait. Call him. Now. Because this is more than a business obligation. You owe it to yourself...and your community.





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